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Princess of Wales. Grand Duke of Hesse. Prince of Wales.



Mark Twain.

Grand Duchess of Hesse. The King. The Queen.

The King of Siam.

Viscount Althorp.

THE KING AND HIS DISTINGUISHED GUESTS AT THE WINDSOR GARDEN-PARTY.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT WINDSOR.

On June 22 the King entertained eight thousand guests at a garden-party at Windsor. Politics, art, science, the drama, literature, and everything vital to the national life were represented. Their Majesties descended from the Castle to the lawn by a new staircase which has been erected since the last garden-party was held. It takes the place of a temporary staircase which the King found very convenient. The Queen was accompanied by the King of Siam. Prominent among the distinguished guests was Mark Twain.

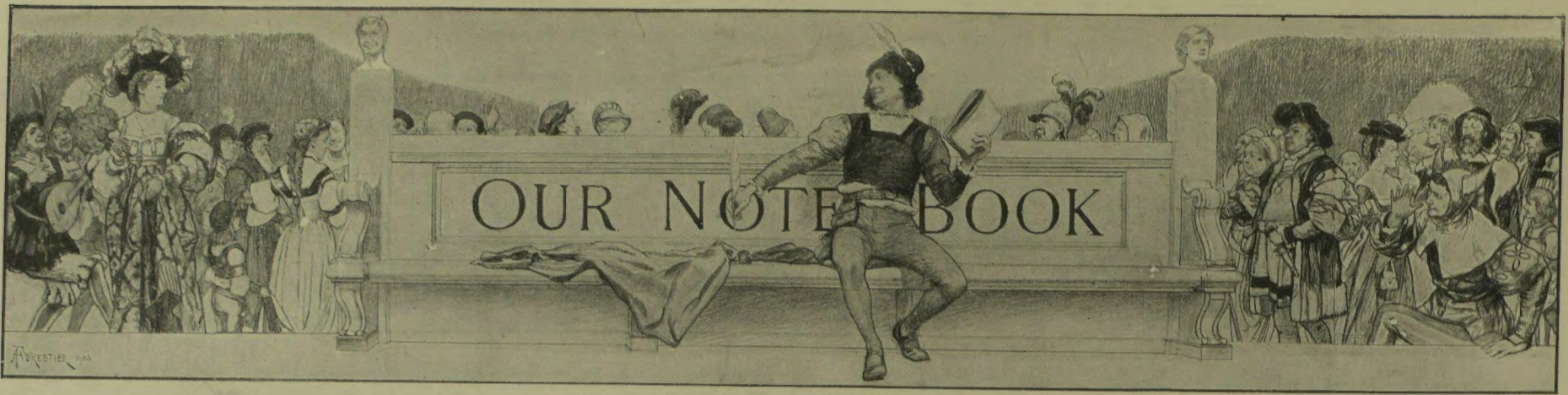
THE KING AND THE KING OF AMERICAN HUMOUR.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT WINDSOR.



MARK TWAIN'S INTERVIEW WITH THE KING AND QUEEN AT THE WINDSOR GARDEN PARTY.

The most interesting incident of the Windsor garden party was the meeting between the King and Queen and Mark Twain. Mr. Clemens was presented to the Queen by the United States Ambassador. Her Majesty and the American writer immediately became absorbed in conversation. Mark Twain made the Queen laugh heartily, and did not notice that the King had approached, but the Queen recalled his attention and presented him to his Majesty. The humourist immediately held out his hand, which the King shook cordially. A long conversation ensued, during which Mark Twain reminded the King of their former meeting at Homburg. The great American told the King that he would never allow that piece of history to deteriorate in his hands, and the King told Mark that if it needed embellishing he could trust him to say just what was right.



BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

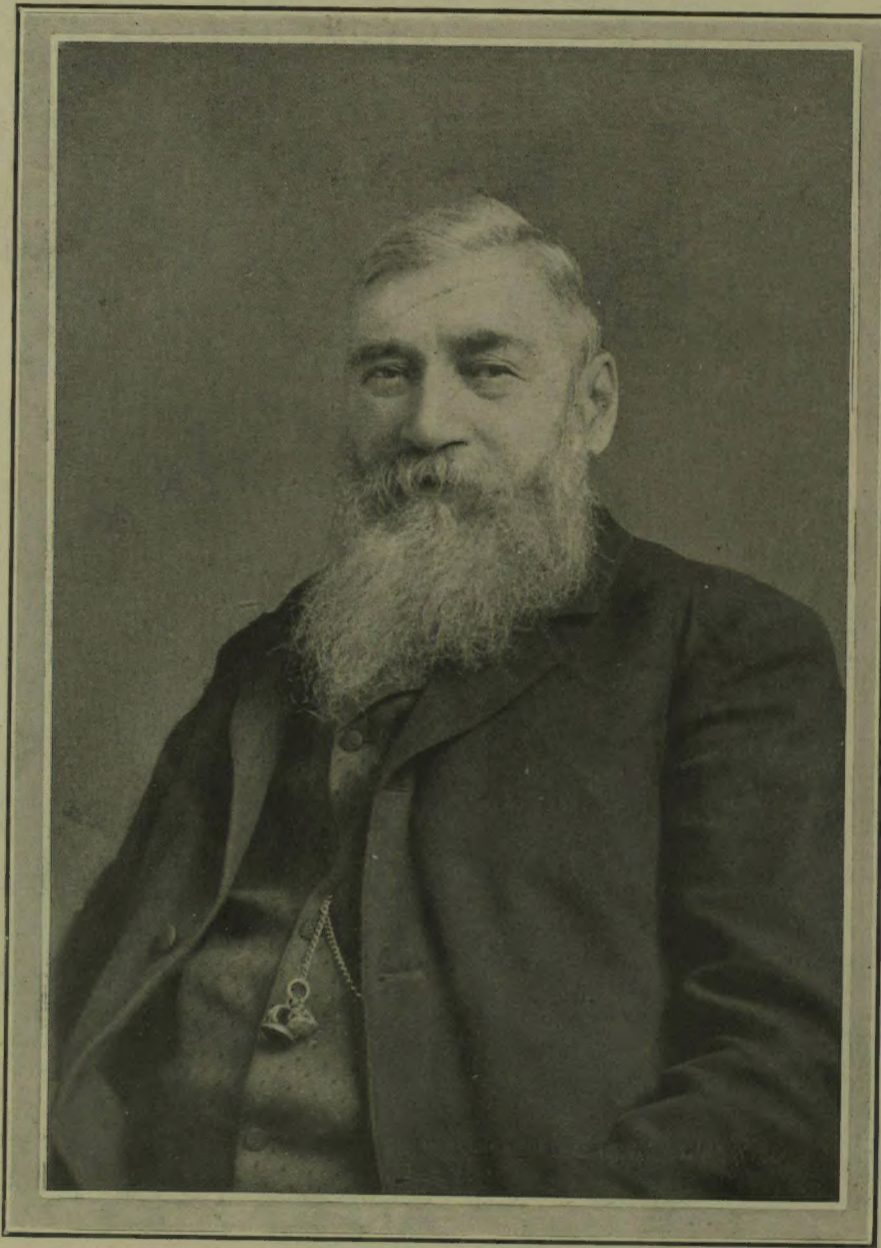
A LITTLE while ago I fell out of England into the town of Paris. If a man fell out of the moon into the town of Paris he would know that it was the capital of a great nation. If, however, he fell (perhaps off some other side of the moon) so as to hit the city of London, he would not know so well that it was the capital of a great nation; at any rate, he would not know that the nation was so great as it is. This would be so even on the assumption that the man from the moon could not read our alphabet, as presumably he could not, unless elementary education in that planet has gone to rather unsuspected lengths. But it is true that a great part of the distinctive quality which separates Paris from London may be even seen in the names. Real democrats always insist that England is an aristocratic country. Real aristocrats always insist (for some mysterious reason) that it is a democratic country. But if anyone has any real doubt about the matter let him consider simply the names of the streets. Nearly all the streets out of the Strand, for instance, are named after the first name, second name, third name, fourth, fifth, and sixth names of some particular noble family; after their relations, connections, or places of residence—Arundel Street, Norfolk Street, Villiers Street, Bedford Street, Southampton Street, and any number of others. The names are varied, so as to introduce the same family under all sorts of different surnames. Thus we have Arundel Street and also Norfolk Street; thus we have Buckingham Street and also Villiers Street. To say that this is not aristocracy is simply intellectual impudence. I am an ordinary citizen, and my name is Gilbert Keith Chesterton; and I confess that if I found three streets in a row in the Strand, the first called Gilbert Street, the second Keith Street, and the third Chesterton Street, I should consider that I had become a somewhat more important person in the commonwealth than was altogether good for its health. If Frenchmen ran London (which God forbid!), they would think it quite as ludicrous that those streets should be named after the Duke of Buckingham as that they should be named after me. They are streets out of one of the main thoroughfares of London. If French methods were adopted, one of them would be called Shakspeare Street, another Cromwell Street, another Wordsworth Street; there would be statues of each of these persons at the end of each of these streets, and any streets left over would be named after the date on which the Reform Bill was passed or the Penny Postage established.

Suppose a man tried to find people in London by the names of the places. It would make a fine farce, illustrating our illogicality. Our hero, having once realised that Buckingham Street was named after the Buckingham family, would naturally walk into Buckingham Palace in search of the Duke of Buckingham. To his astonishment he would meet somebody quite different. His simple lunar logic would lead him to suppose that if he wanted the Duke of Marlborough (which seems unlikely) he would find him at Marlborough House. He would find the Prince of Wales. When at last he understood that the Marlboroughs live at Blenheim, named after the great Marlborough's victory, he would, no doubt,

go there. But he would again find himself in error if, acting upon this principle, he tried to find the Duke of Wellington, and told the cabman to drive to Waterloo. I wonder that no one has written a wild romance about the adventures of such an alien, seeking the great English aristocrats, and only guided by the names; looking for the Duke of Bedford in the town of that name, seeking for some trace of the Duke of Norfolk in Norfolk. He might sail for Wellington in New Zealand to find the

I think I could be more comfortable in the Fleet Prison, in an English way of comfort, than just under the statue of Voltaire. I think that the man from the moon would know France without knowing French; I think that he would know England without having heard the word. For in the last resort all men talk by signs. To talk by statues is to talk by signs; to talk by cities is to talk by signs. Pillars, palaces, cathedrals, temples, pyramids, are an enormous dumb alphabet: as if some giant held up his fingers of stone. The most important things at the last are always said by signs, even if, like the Cross on St. Paul's, they are signs in heaven. If men do not understand signs, they will never understand words.

For my part, I should be inclined to suggest that the chief object of education should be to restore simplicity. If you like to put it so, the chief object of education is not to learn things; nay, the chief object of education is to unlearn things. The chief object of education is to unlearn all the weariness and wickedness of the world and to get back into that state of exhilaration we all instinctively celebrate when we write by preference of children and of boys. If I were an examiner appointed to examine all examiners (which does not at present appear probable), I would not only ask the teachers how much knowledge they had imparted; I would ask them how much splendid and scornful ignorance they had erected, like some royal tower in arms. But, in any case, I would insist that people should have so much simplicity as would enable them to see things suddenly and to see things as they are. I do not care so much whether they can read the names over the shops. I do care very much whether they can read the shops. I do not feel deeply troubled as to whether they can tell where London is on the map so long as they can tell where Brixton is on the way home. I do not even mind whether they can put two and two together in the mathematical sense; I am content if they can put two and two together in the metaphorical sense. But all this longer statement of an obvious view comes back to the metaphor I have employed. I do not care a dump whether they know the alphabet, so long as they know the dumb alphabet.



THE GRAND OLD MAN OF THE DRAMATIC CRITICS:
THE LATE MR. JOSEPH KNIGHT.

(SEE "PERSONAL" PAGE.)

ancient seat of the Wellingtons. The last scene might show him trying to learn Welsh in order to converse with the Prince of Wales.

But even if the imaginary traveller knew no alphabet of this earth at all, I think it would still be possible to suppose him seeing a difference between London and Paris, and, upon the whole, the real difference. He would not be able to read the words "Quai Voltaire"; but he would see the sneering statue and the hard, straight roads; without having heard of Voltaire he would understand that the city was Voltairean. He would not know that Fleet Street was named after the Fleet Prison. But the same national spirit which kept the Fleet Prison closed and narrow still keeps Fleet Street closed and narrow. Or, if you will, you may call Fleet Street cosy, and the Fleet Prison cosy.

Unfortunately, I have noticed in many aspects of our popular education that this is not done at all. One teaches our London children to see London with abrupt and simple eyes. And London is far more difficult to see properly than any other place. London is a riddle. Paris is an explanation. The education of the Parisian child is something corresponding to the clear avenues and the exact squares of Paris. When the Parisian boy has done learning about the French reason and the Roman order he can go out and see the thing repeated in the shapes of many shining public places, in the angles of many streets. But when the English boy goes out, after learning about a vague progress and idealism, he cannot see it anywhere. He cannot see anything anywhere, except Sapolio and the *Daily Mail*. We must either alter London to suit the ideals of our education, or else alter our education to suit the great beauty of London.

THE WAR OF THE VINEYARDS: THE MUTINOUS TROOPS AT BEZIERS.

DRAWN BY GEORGES SCOTT, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT BEZIERS.



GENERAL BAILLOUD PARLEYING WITH THE MUTINOUS 17TH REGIMENT IN THE PLACE GARIBALDI, BEZIERS.

Three hundred soldiers of the 17th Infantry, in sympathy with the wine-growers, mutinied at Agde and marched to BeziERS, where they bivouacked in the Place Garibaldi. They were harangued by the leaders of the Argelliers Committee, who promised them a pardon from the Government if they would return to quarters. General BailLOUD appeared upon

the scene, harangued the troops, and persuaded them to return to discipline. The General who has done this service to the State is the same officer who was lately relieved of the Eastern frontier command for an indiscreet after-dinner speech. Finally the troops consented to return to their duty, and were led back to BeziERS by General Lacroisade.

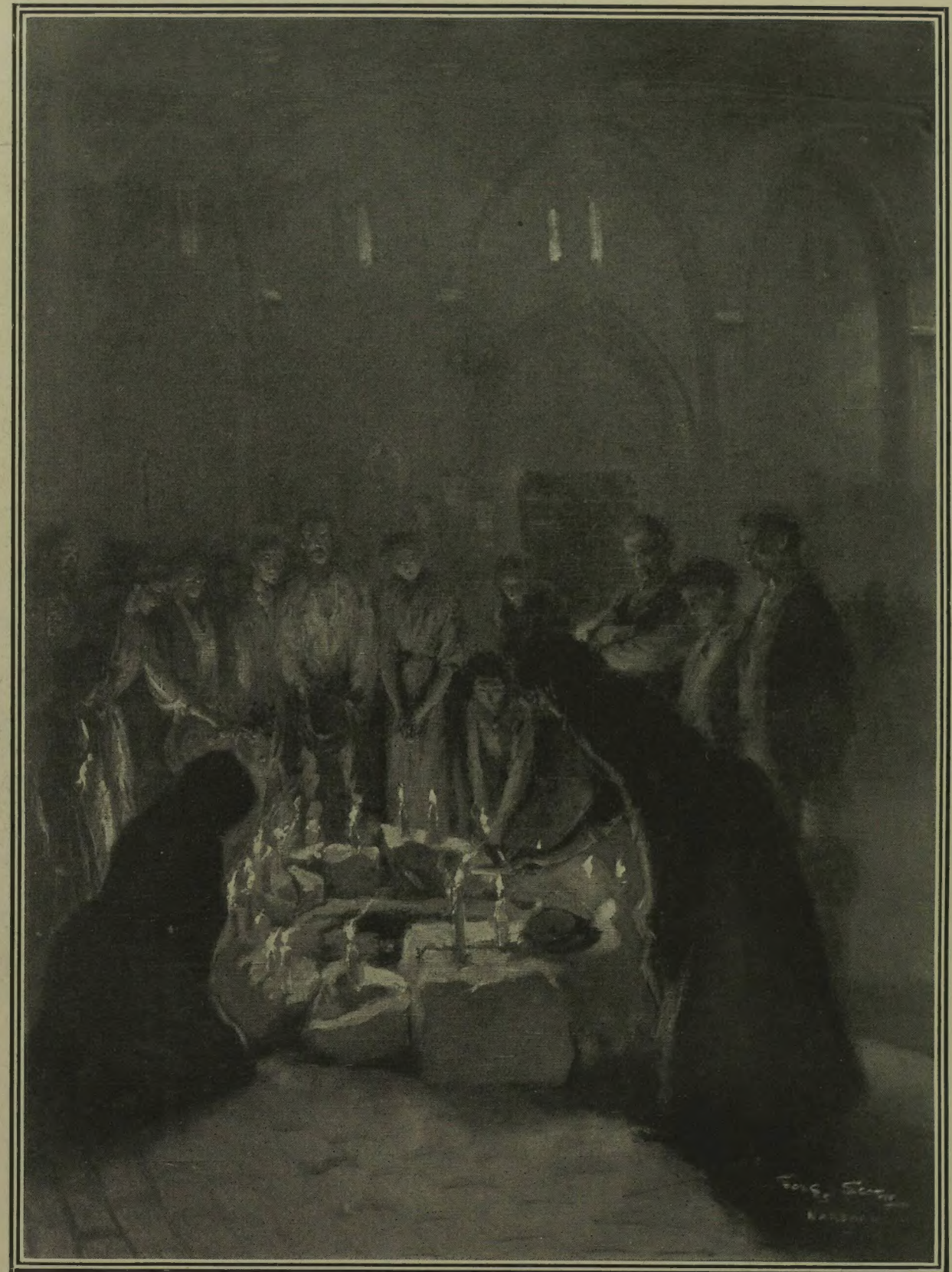
THE WINE WAR IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE: THE WORK OF THE RIOTERS.

DRAWING BY GEORGES SCOTT, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT NARBONNE; PHOTOGRAPH BY COURTESY OF "L'ILLUSTRATION."



THE SALON OF THE PREFECTURE AT PERPIGNAN WRECKED BY THE RIOTERS.

The Prefecture at Perpignan, as the symbol of the official authority, was marked out for devastation by the agitators. They set fire the building in four places. The photograph is sufficient proof of how thorough was the sack. The salon, a very handsome apartment, was utterly wrecked.



COMMEMORATING VICTIMS OF THE RIOTS: A NIGHT SCENE IN THE STREETS OF NARBONNE.

Five persons were killed during the fighting in the streets of Narbonne. The rioters erected rough heaps of stones to mark the places where the victims fell. At night candles were placed on these impromptu altars, and prayers were said for the repose of the souls of the dead.

CLEMENCEAU'S SURPRISE VISITOR RETURNS HOME: ALBERT'S REAPPEARANCE AT ARGELLIERS.

PHOTOGRAPHIC ENLARGEMENT BY COURTESY OF "L'ILLUSTRATION."

Albert.



MARCELIN ALBERT TELLING HIS FOLLOWERS OF HIS INTERVIEW WITH M. CLEMENCEAU.

The most extraordinary rumours have been circulated of what happened after Marcelin Albert returned from his mysterious visit to Paris. One account had it that the Napoleon of the South actually confessed that he had accepted 100 francs from M. Clemenceau, as he had not the wherewithal to return home. It was said that upon this confession the leader's influence immediately vanished, but the whole story is quite uncertain. It was true that he was received with enthusiasm on his first appearance on the balcony of his house.



THE LATE
PROFESSOR
HERSCHEL,
Eminent
Astronomer.
Photo. Downey.

COLONEL
DOUGLAS
F. R. DAWSON,
Successor to
Sir Arthur Ellis.
Photo. Dickinsons.



H.E. MIRZA MUSHIR UL MULK,
Special Envoy to the King to Announce
the Shah's Accession.

PORTRAITS AND WORLD'S NEWS.

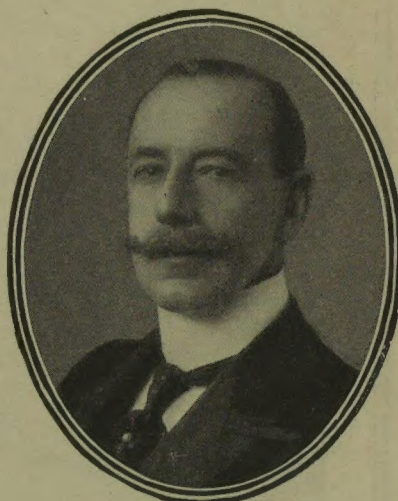
opened a branch in London, and, having absorbed certain other businesses in the same line, became a limited company, with very large capital. The late Mr. Waring's interests were centred upon Liverpool, where he was well known and highly esteemed.

The Right Hon. Lewis Harcourt, who entertains the King at Nuneham over the week-end, is the eldest surviving son of the late Sir William Harcourt, whose name is written so large in the history of contemporary Liberal legislation. Mr. Harcourt, who was born in 1863, married the only daughter of the late W. H. Burns, of New York and Mymms Park, Hatfield. He has been a

Parliament.

The Speaker of the House of Commons was affected, if not even startled, by the volley of cheering which came from both sides when he reported the proposal of the University of Oxford to confer upon him the degree of Doctor of Civil Law. His face became pale and his voice shook as he formally asked and obtained the permission of the House to absent himself. There was something very impressive in the dignified, powerful, awe-inspiring Speaker requesting leave in the manner of a servant. The response of the House proved its pride in him. Quite different were the cheers which greeted the leaders of the two great parties when they opened the struggle over the rights and powers of the Lords. These were cheers not of a common Parliamentary sentiment, but of political passion. The attack made by the Prime Minister upon the leader of the Opposition was unusually fierce. His tone expressed strong feeling, and evidently his words hurt Mr. Balfour, for the smile which had been on the face of the leader of the Opposition fled from it, and he became grave and sad.

Every word of C.-B.'s speech had been carefully written on sheets of note-paper, and these he held in his right hand while he rested his left elbow on the box. He read more closely than the average member, but, although his attitude was stiff, his voice was vigorous and animated. Of course the House was crowded.



MR. L. V. HARCOURT,
The King's Host at Nuneham.

The Wine War.

The crisis in the South of France reached alarming proportions last week, when the military forces sent to quell a condition that was dangerously like revolution went over to the rioters. Happily, they were persuaded to return to their duty. Several prominent officials in Narbonne were arrested, and a warrant was issued for the apprehension of M. Marcelin Albert, who has led the rioters with such extraordinary success. Before he could be arrested, M. Albert left the South, proceeded to Paris, presented himself at the Ministry of the Interior and asked to see the Premier, M. Clemenceau. Many sensational rumours, all equally untrustworthy, were circulated regarding what took place at the interview. Some affirmed that Albert wept, others that he accepted four pounds from M. Clemenceau for his return fare, that he confessed to this to the agitators at Argelliers, and immediately lost his influence. At the time of writing the situation is better than it has been for a fortnight past. It must be remembered that the existing crisis is not founded upon a desire to agitate, but upon widespread poverty and distress, and even if disorders come to an end, the Government is bound to take decisive action on behalf of the distressed wine-growers. A Bill to check wine frauds has been voted by the Deputies and gone to the Senate. The military revolt, for all that it was nipped in the bud, is an aspect of the situation that has caused much surprise and regret throughout the country. It suggests that existing conditions of loyalty and discipline are not as favourable as the Republic could wish.



MRS. L. V. HARCOURT,
The King's Hostess at Nuneham.

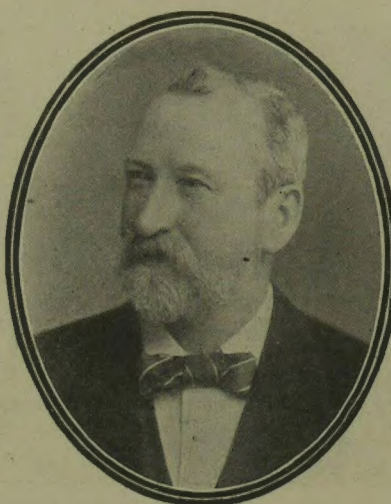
member of the Privy Council since 1905, and was appointed First Commissioner of Works in the same year.

His Excellency Mirza Hassan Khan, Ambassador of the Shah of Persia, has arrived in this country on a special mission to announce the accession of the present Shah of Persia to the throne. On Monday last he was received in audience by King Edward at Buckingham Palace, the reception being attended by the Foreign Secretary and many high officers of State.

Colonel Douglas Frederick Rawdon Dawson, C.V.O., C.M.G., who has been appointed to be Comptroller in the Lord Chamberlain's Department, in the place of the late Major-General Sir Arthur Ellis, is fifty-three years of age. He has been Master of the



THE LATE GENERAL SIR E. STANTON,
Who Signed the Transfer of the Suez Canal
Shares to Great Britain.



THE LATE MR. S. J. WARING,
Founder of Waring's, the great Firm of Art
Decorators.

Ceremonies to the King for the last four years, and before he went to Court served as Military Attaché in Paris and in Vienna. Colonel Dawson, who was educated at Eton, joined the Coldstream Guards in 1874, and has seen active service in Egypt.



A LEADER OF THE WINE-GROWERS'
AGITATION, DR. FERROUL,
Mayor of Narbonne.

an early hour on Wednesday morning of last week, and conveyed under strong escort to Montpellier. Now that the excitement is dying down, it does not seem unlikely that he will be set at liberty.

The late Professor Alexander Stewart Herschel, whose death was announced last week, was a son of Sir John Herschel, and grandson of Sir William Herschel, the distinguished astronomers. Born in 1836, Professor Herschel soon achieved distinction. He was a Fellow of the Royal Society and the Royal Astronomical Society, a Doctor of Civil Law, a Professor of Physics and Experimental Philosophy in the Durham College of Science. He died at Observatory House, Slough, the home of his father and grandfather.

The King of Siam, accompanied by the Crown Prince, his Royal Highness Chal Fa Kron Khun Nakon Sawan Worabhinitt, arrived in London on Friday evening from Paris, and drove to the Siamese Legation at South Kensington. The King and his son left for Windsor Castle on Saturday, where they were received by the King and Queen, who gave a dinner-party in their honour on Saturday night. On Sunday their Majesties visited the royal mausoleum at Frogmore, and placed a wreath on the tomb of Queen Victoria. On Monday the King and his suite left the Castle and returned to the Siamese Legation in town.

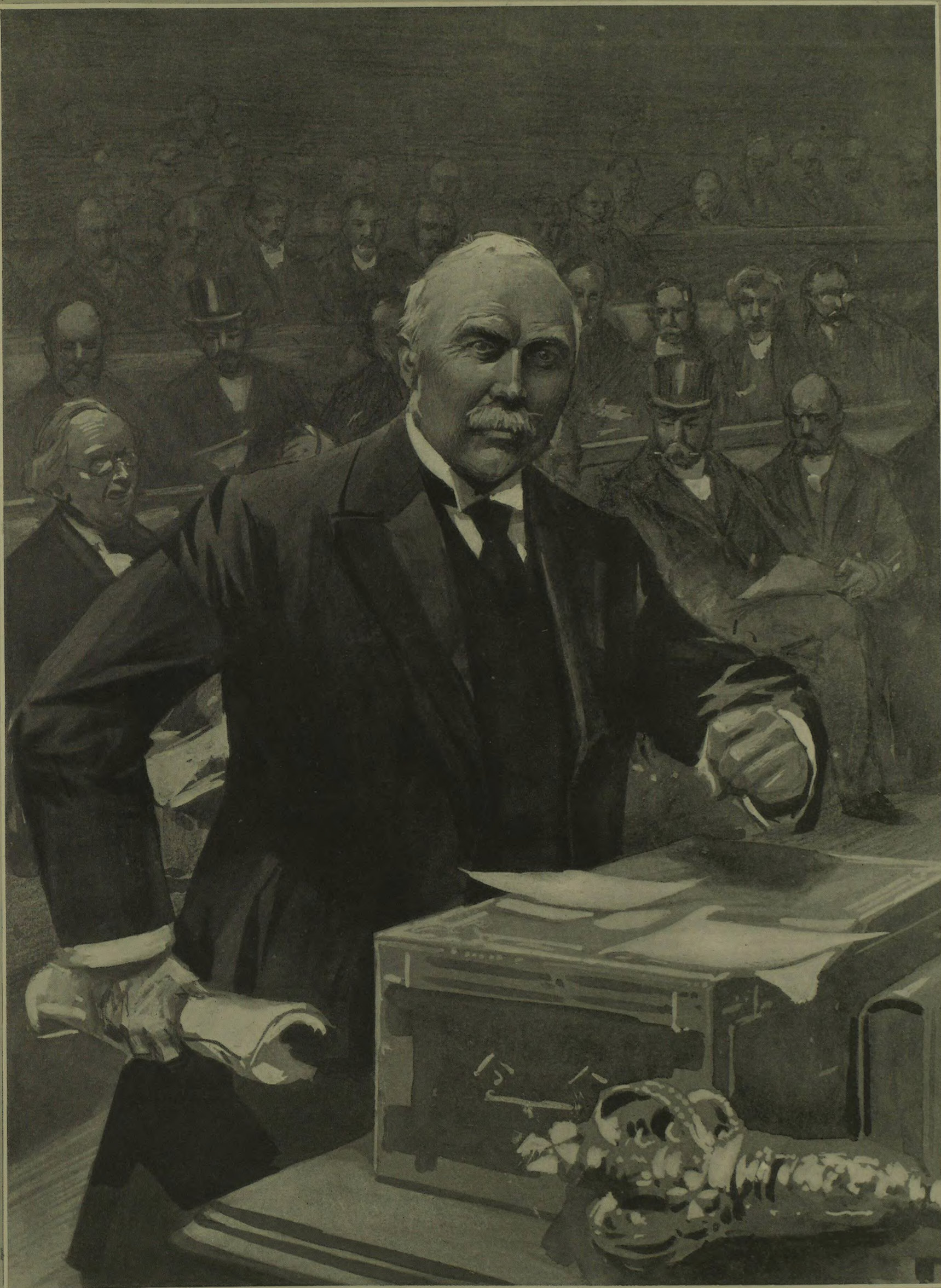
General Sir Edward Stanton, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., who died at Stroud, in Gloucestershire, on Monday morning last, was born in February 1827 and educated at Woolwich. He entered the Army in 1844, serving at first with the Royal Engineers. General Stanton was in the Orange River Expedition of 1852, and greatly distinguished himself in the Crimean War. After peace was proclaimed he served with the British Commission on the frontier of Bessarabia, and in 1860 he began his valued work in the Consular and Diplomatic Service. In this connection he went to Warsaw, Munich, and Egypt, and signed the contract by which the Khedive's shares in the Suez Canal passed into the hands of this country.

The death of Mr. Joseph Knight, whose portrait appears on "Our Note Book" page, removes a familiar figure from the world of journalism. For many years Mr. Knight was dramatic critic of the *Globe* and the *Athenæum*; he was also editor of *Notes and Queries*. Called to the Bar by Lincoln's Inn more than forty years ago, Mr. Knight was soon attracted to journalism, and, as his interests were wide, he was able to develop them in many directions. His publications include a "Life of Dante Gabriel Rossetti" and a "Life of David Garrick."

Mr. S. J. Waring, who died at Llandudno on Sunday last, in his seventy-first year, was the founder and chairman of the great firm of Waring and Gillow, Limited. Mr. Waring came to England from Ireland some fifty years ago, and started a business, which soon became prosperous, in Liverpool. Some fourteen years ago the firm of S. J. Waring and Sons

DEMOCRACY VERSUS ARISTOCRACY: THE ATTACK ON THE LORDS.

DRAWN BY MAX COWPER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

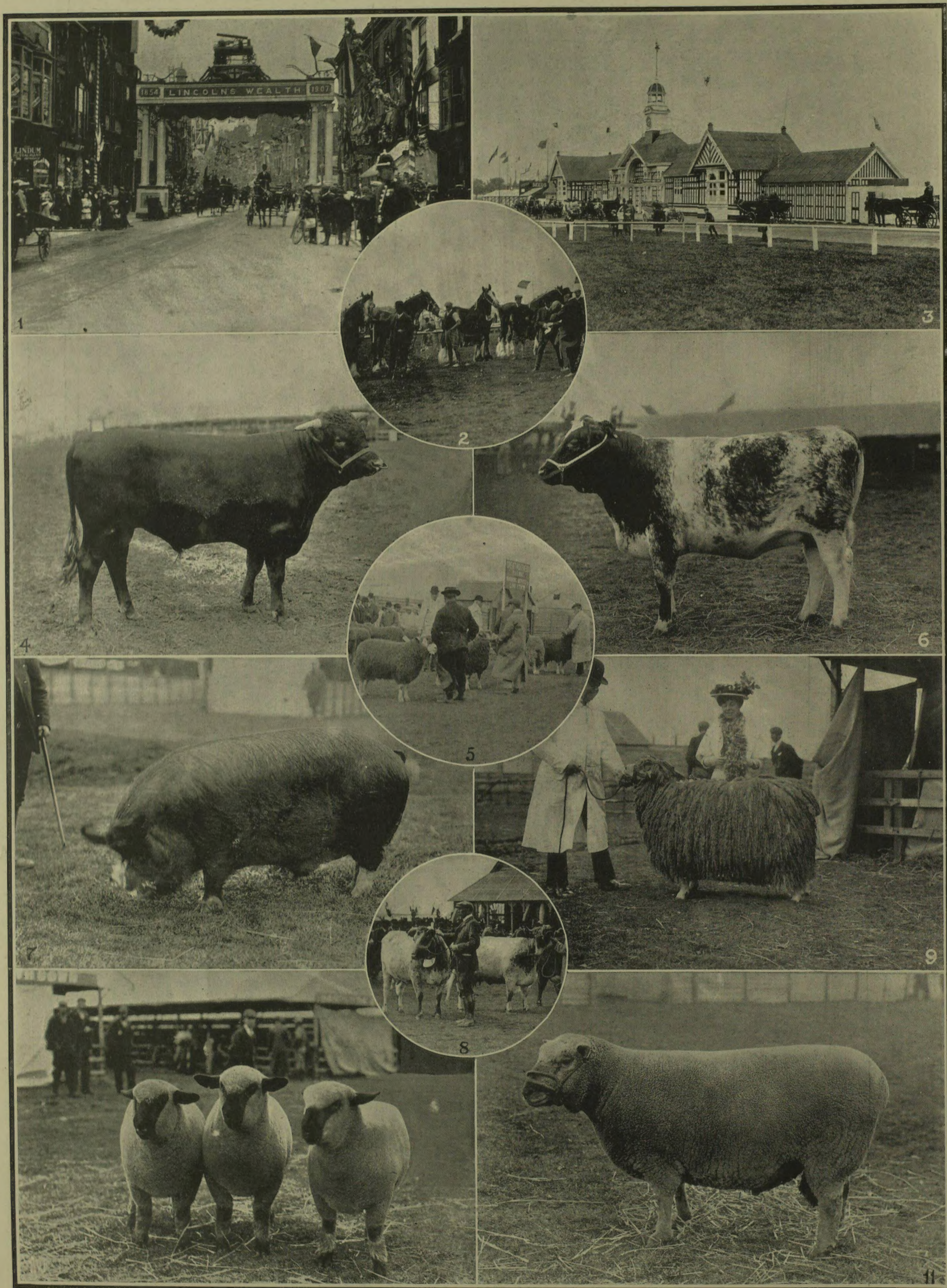


THE PRIME MINISTER ACCUSING MR. BALFOUR OF USING THE HOUSE OF LORDS TO DOMINATE THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

On June 24 the Prime Minister introduced a resolution to limit the powers of the House of Lords. In the course of his speech Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman declared that the situation had been aggravated by the part played by Mr. Balfour, who had, for party purposes, used the House of Lords to dominate the House of Commons. Mr. Balfour immediately challenged the Prime Minister to quote any statement of his that bore out the observation. Sir Henry referred to the incidents of last December. He could not conceive, he said, that Sir Robert Peel or Mr. Disraeli would have treated the House of Commons as the right honourable gentleman had done.

THE AGRICULTURAL SHOW AT LINCOLN, VISITED BY THE KING.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL PRESS AND BY SPORT AND GENERAL ILLUSTRATIONS COMPANY.



1. LINCOLN'S WEALTH SYMBOLISED IN A TRIUMPHAL ARCH.
4. THE KING'S FIRST PRIZE DEVON BULL, CHIEFTAIN.
7. THE FIRST AND CHAMPION BERKSHIRE BOAR, MR. INMAN'S HIGHMOOR CURIO.
10. THE FIRST AND CHAMPION PEN OF HAMPSHIRE DOWN EWE LAMBS, MR. J. FLOWER'S EXHIBIT.

2. JUDGING THE SHIRE STALLIONS.
6. THE KING'S FIRST PRIZE SHORTHORN HEIFER, MARJORIE.
8. JUDGING THE SHORTHORN COWS.

3. THE ENTRANCE TO THE SHOW GROUND.
5. JUDGING THE LINCOLN SHEARLING RAMS.
9. THE CHAMPION LINCOLNSHIRE EWE, MR. C. E. HOWARD'S NOCTON RISE.
11. THE FIRST AND CHAMPION SOUTH DOWN TWO-SHEAR RAM, MR. W. M. CAZALET'S FAIRLAWN.

This year the Royal Agricultural Society opened its sixty-eighth annual show at Lincoln on June 25. On the following day the King visited the Exhibition, at which his Majesty had taken several prizes.



HE WHO STOLE AND RODE AWAY

By C. N. & A. M. WILLIAMSON.

ILLUSTRATED BY
J. FORESTIER.

Authors of "The Lightning Conductor," "The Car of Destiny," "The Princess Passes," "Lady Betty across the Water," etc.

CHAPTER I.

"MR. LAURENCE, OF LONDON."

"I've given you fair warning," said the landlord.

"Fair warning's no use to me," said Laurence O'Hagan. "I can't do anything—except wait."

"But I can. I've waited long enough, and too long. Nor will you wait any longer—at my expense. I warn you again, young Sir"—and the landlord shook a podgy, prosperous finger—"if you don't pay your bill to-day by five o'clock, by which time you can easily get an answer if you telegraph for remittances, I shall—sell—your—automobile."

"It isn't my automobile," said Laurence.

"I've told you, I don't believe that."

"You are monstrously rude, Sir."

"And you are a monstrous impostor."

This to one who, a few short weeks ago, had been the gayest, youngest, most popular Captain in a smart regiment. Larry O'Hagan's hot Irish blood beat a tattoo in his ears. But he was twenty-six, and had been the best boxer and fencer in the 99th Inniskillens. The landlord of the Hotel Bella Italia in Venice was German, was sixty, and bore a grotesque resemblance to an egg supported on a couple of matches. The one weapon permissible in the circumstances, therefore, was the tongue; and though Larry was, fortunately—or unfortunately—fluent both in Italian and German, he stood, nevertheless, at a terrible disadvantage.

The situation was a disgusting one: there was no other adjective to fit it. And even when, in accordance with his Colonel's request, to save a "regimental scandal," he sent in his papers after taking upon himself the whole blame of a "ragging" affair among his subalterns, he had not suffered as he suffered now. Then he had at least the satisfaction of feeling himself a martyr and knowing that he had the sympathy of the regiment and his friends. He had even been dubbed "St. Laurence" by a chorus of youthful admirers, and had been praised for grilling on the gridiron where others had deserved to lie. Now he was a penniless foreigner, accused of a mean fraud and unable at the moment to prove his innocence. Here, in Venice, at the Bella Italia, he was not Captain O'Hagan, a popular young gentleman whose honesty, if not his wisdom, was unimpeachable. He was merely a chauffeur suspected of telling abominable lies for the sake of living in luxury at a landlord's expense.

"I suppose you understand that, if you weren't old enough to be my grandfather, I'd knock you down," he said forcibly, if futilely.

"You'd only go to prison if you did; and if you're not careful, you will in any case," returned the German, who knew his unwelcome guest only as "Mr. Laurence, of London."

"You won't dare to try and sell the car," said Larry.

"There's no need to try. I have a buyer ready."

"You'll be guilty of an illegal act."

Herr Werner laughed. "You are a fine person to talk of illegal acts! I will risk all that, thank you! What! you come to me; you engage the best and largest and most expensive suite in my house in the high season—May; you make up a plausible tale about being a gentleman chauffeur and courier for a millionaire family landing at Brindisi from India, who will arrive here at a certain date; you say you were engaged in London by the firm who made the automobile you are to drive; that you were charged by them to deliver it at Mestre, ready for their clients. You have a tale about the cost of transportation to be paid at this end, and you get me to advance the

money, which I do, because you impress me as a gentleman and a person I can trust. You put your automobile in an expensive garage; you spin about in it here and there, 'to test the speed,' as the car is yet 'new and untried.' You run up little bills for *essence* and oil, as well as keep. You live in the grand suite you have engaged at my hotel; you eat and drink of the best. You pretend to be surprised that your millionaire employers do not appear. I present my account to you at the end of the week; you pay no attention, much less do you pay money. The people of the garage come to me and make inquiries. I am in partnership with them—yes. Why not? All my visitors keep their cars there. I politely ask you what is to be done? You put me off by saying that any day the family Ransomes may arrive. I still believe in you—you are so plausible—although I think it a strange thing that the ship you named came in at Brindisi many days ago, yet the Ransomes, for whom you have engaged my rooms, neither come nor send. I present my second *note*. You pretend to send off letters and telegrams. Nothing happens. You have now lived in my hotel for three weeks and paid nothing, neither here nor at the garage. For transportation of your car from London to Mestre, I advanced you over a thousand francs. The price of the suite you have occupied is fifteen of your English sovereigns for each day. Reckon up the total, and add your own living expenses, with the garage; it is a little fortune! I was a fool to believe such a

I sell your car—yours, I repeat—to a guest now in the hotel who is wanting a bargain. If there are consequences, I risk them and will face them; but I am not afraid. And you have still time to prove yourself right, me wrong—up till five o'clock."

"Very well," said Larry, as pale as he had been red, but suddenly composed. The position was unspeakable. But he had an idea.

Herr Werner's office, in which the young man had undergone his ordeal, commanded a view of lift and stairway. Like a fat spider in its web, the landlord could sit in his sanctum, with open door, and watch his paying flies buzz up and down. Without another word, Larry walked to the lift, audaciously making work for a servant of Herr Werner; and under his creditor's angry eyes, he ascended to the first storey, whither he might have walked if he had not wished to be conspicuous. He did not, however, spend five minutes in his own corner of the



cock-and-bull story. This Major Ransome and his wife and family will never arrive. The automobile is not theirs, but yours. All the papers were made out in your name. You have been cheating me—me—I who pride myself in judging a face and never being taken in by sharpers. I tell you, Sir, this is the end.

"I've given you fair warning."

Thence, by devious ways, such as Venetians know, and those who love Venice soon find out, he arrived at a steamboat station on the Grand Canal.

He was going to do an unwarrantable thing—or a thing that in most circumstances would be unwarrantable. But a man placed between two evils must choose that which seems to him the lesser.

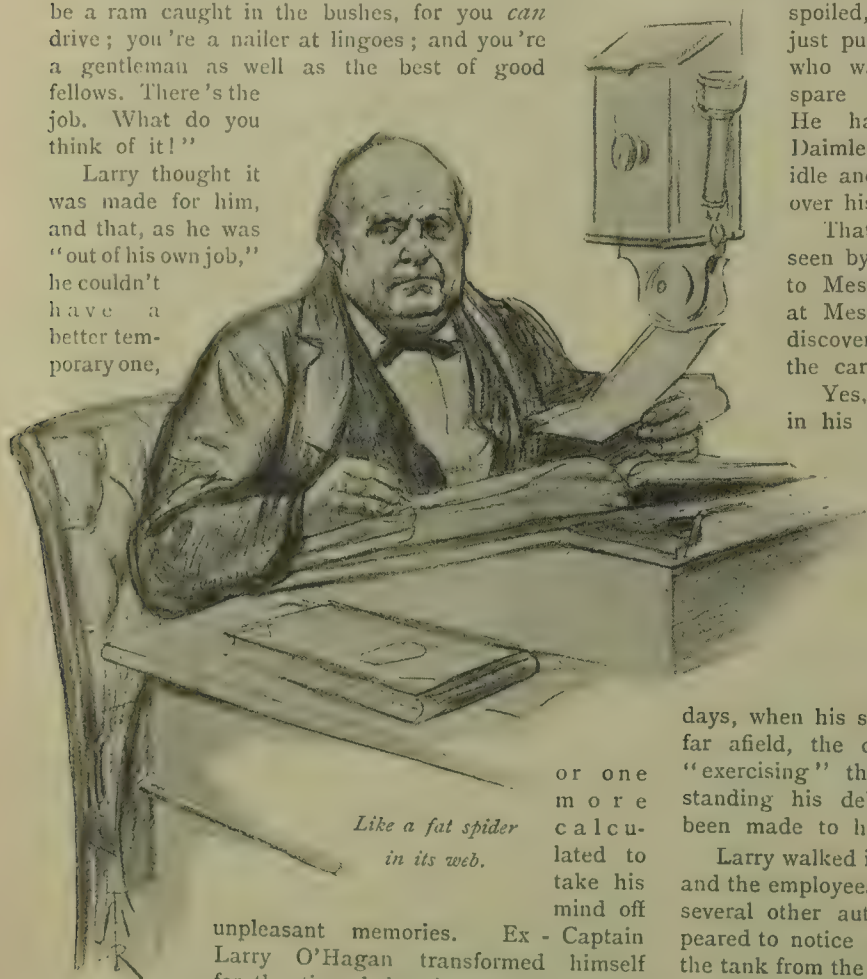
A boat for Mestre came in almost immediately, and though Larry had decided upon a course of action, he spent the short voyage in reviewing his situation.

His father, grave and stern as a North of Ireland man can be, considered that his son's manner of leaving the army had disgraced the family. The culprit was not welcome at home, and would have swept crossings rather than ask his father for money to supplement the diminutive income inherited from his dead mother. He sold his automobile, which, though good, was just enough out of date not to fetch a high price; and on the same day chanced to meet a friend who had lately left the Army and become junior partner in a motor-car agency.

Larry O'Hagan told Tom Petrie that he envied him. Tom Petrie asked Larry if he would "like a job." Larry said "Yes," for he loved motoring, and all that was therein.

"Some people named Ransome have ordered one of our cars," Petrie explained; "thirty-five horse-power Daimler. They're millionaires; at least, Mrs. Ransome's stepdaughter's a millionairess, I'm told by the man who recommended them to our firm, and the stepmother's guardian till the girl comes of age, or takes a husband. Mamma married for the second time, years ago, this Major Ransome, and has been swelling about at Indian stations, while the girl was left at school in France. Now she's twenty, and in common decency they've got to bring her out. The fellow who told me thinks the idea is to marry her off to Ransome's son by his first wife, so the money can stay in the family. Anyhow, there's plenty of oof at present, and the Ransomes want the car they've ordered sent to Venice immediately, as they arrive at Brindisi the eighth of May on the *Egypta*. They won't begin a trip there, for they think it would be dull; but they mean to spend a few weeks in Venice, pottering about and making a few excursions till it gets too hot, then striking off for the Tyrol. The girl's to join them at Venice with a companion-maid, so there's a chance for someone to cut out young Ransome with the heiress; eh, what? They've written asking us to engage a gentleman chauffeur with a knowledge of French, German and Italian, who can act as courier, take rooms for them at the Bella Italia in Venice, and be altogether a valuable, handy sort of man for rich and helpless tourists to have about. We've tried for such a rara avis in vain so far. You'd be a ram caught in the bushes, for you *can* drive; you're a nailer at lingoos; and you're a gentleman as well as the best of good fellows. There's the job. What do you think of it!"

Larry thought it was made for him, and that, as he was "out of his own job," he couldn't have a better temporary one,



Like a fat spider
in its web.

or one more calculated to take his mind off unpleasant memories. Ex-Captain Larry O'Hagan transformed himself for the time being into Mr. Laurence, a gentleman chauffeur, and departed for Venice, the Daimler being sent by train. He expected his employers to join him a few days after his arrival; but they had neither come nor written, though he had wired to the P. and O. offices at Brindisi and learned that they had, on landing, departed immediately, leaving no address. Larry had waited, hoping hourly for news, his small store of money dwindling. He had written to Tom Petrie, but Petrie knew no more than he did of the

Ransomes or their movements. *Voilà!* the present desperate position.

Larry could not wire to Petrie to help him out of the scrape with money, for Petrie was not rich, nor was he a personal friend of the Ransomes. There was a maternal aunt from whom Larry had expectations, but she would do nothing for him in such a case as this; to apply to his father was out of the question; and there was no one else.

Still, he believed in the Ransomes. His notion was that Major Ransome had probably been taken ill, the family plans upset, and the family mind confused. They would not realise the difficulties in



He let the car fly like an arrow.

which the unknown chauffeur might be floundering at a distance. Being rich, and of consequence, it would not occur to them that the use of their name might not tide him over an indefinite length of time, until they remembered to write and adjust matters.

He had a certain feeling of loyalty to his employers, and even a vague interest in them, since, judging from Petrie's account, they must be a curiously assorted group. It seemed to him that, if he allowed the angry landlord to carry out his threat, he—Larry—would be blameworthy. Of course, the Ransomes could recover the value of the car from the obstinate old brute; but more Daimlers were on order than could be supplied, and it might be a long time before the Ransomes could obtain another. Their summer would be spoiled, perhaps, and though it would be a just punishment for carelessness, still, Larry, who was a true sportsman, would gladly spare them that punishment if he could. He had grown fond of the handsome Daimler, too, and could not bear to stand idle and see it, as he said to himself, "sold over his head."

That was why he had left the hotel unseen by Herr Werner, and why he was going to Mestre; for the Daimler was in garage at Mestre, and before Herr Werner should discover his absence he planned to steal the car.

Yes, "steal"! He used the word frankly in his thoughts. But he was not going to steal her for himself; it was for her owners that he would do this thing.

There was a chance that he might already be too late—that the enemy's foresight had leaped ahead of his intention; but he assumed the indifference he did not feel as he sauntered into the garage. Until within the last few days, when his spirits had been too low to take him far afield, the chauffeur had been in the habit of "exercising" the Daimler occasionally, and notwithstanding his debt to the garage, no objection had been made to his going out with the car.

Larry walked in, whistling. The morning was young, and the employees of the garage were busily preparing several other automobiles for departure. No one appeared to notice him. There was enough petrol left in the tank from the last short outing to carry the car a long distance, and he thought it wise not to annex a further supply. He had about eight or ten sovereigns of his own, and could buy when the need came. As for the money he would have to pay at the Austrian frontier (which he must reach as soon as possible) the deposit returned from the Italian *douane* would nearly cover that. Had he more gold in his pocket, however, he would try to run past the Italian frontier without stopping to reclaim the deposit. He feared lest news of his arrival might rush over the wires in advance of him; but poverty would force him to take the risk.

Once away from the Mestre garage he let the car fly like an arrow; and truth to tell, there was less remorse than joy of escape in his heart, in starting out upon the career of a thief.

Northward stretched the way that would take him to Austria and to freedom; and spinning along the straight, smooth road Larry grudged each new call to slow down for some restive horse; but the more haste the less speed, when there was a question of drawing upon himself the attention of the police.

Flying over the great plain which lies at the foot of the Alps, he was not long in reaching the high red walls of Treviso. But instead of entering the city, he skirted

it, and passed again into open country, the dim, purple line of the Alps floating high in the heavens, like a mirage.

Larry had never travelled this road before, but he had studied it for the trip he had expected to take with his phantom employers, and he knew for what to look. He flashed across the imposing bridge which spans the Piave, into shady Conegliano by a road where two ranks of garden gods, carved in stone, seemed to smile encouragement on his adventure; then on towards Vittorio; and so far he had met no check.

At every town, at every octroi station, he was on the alert, for it might be that already the wires were hot with clamouring demands for his apprehension. Nevertheless, his hopes were high, and ever running higher. For some time, it would be supposed that he was shut up in the Ransomes' fine, unpaid-for suite of rooms, gazing down upon the Grand Canal. Besides, he had been given till five o'clock to pay or take the consequences. And then it was one thing to seize the car while it lay in the rich landlord's own garage at Mestre; another thing to stop a British subject on the high-road, even if he were accused of owing a big hotel bill.

These things Larry told himself as he reached the mountains, one stage nearer Austria. Huge heights loomed above him: the way ran beside a river which coursed down from hidden clefts among the Alps. To his left, beyond a fork in the road, he could see the towers of Belluno; but he held straight on to Longarone, where a sandwich and a glass of rough red wine, hastily snatched at a *trattoria*, refreshed him amazingly, and he dashed on again at speed.

His thoughts were very busy, now. If he got safely over the frontier, he meant to pause at Toblach—nearer he dared not halt—and try to inform the missing Ransomes of what he had ventured in their interests. He would send a long wire to Petrie, of the Majestic Motor Car Agency, who might by this time have heard something of them. And either there (since at Toblach one came into a great tourist centre) or at Innsbruck he must try to earn enough money to go on with, by letting out the Daimler, with himself as chauffeur, awaiting news of the Ransomes.

Thus reflecting, he passed through a narrow, winding gorge. The grapes, the figs, the almonds characteristic of Italy had vanished; instead there were forests of balsamic pines, suggestive of the north—and Austria. Up and up went an interminable hill; a great fort sulked on a rocky eminence; and beyond lay the beauty of Pieve di Cadore. But there was no time for Larry to do homage to that beauty, no time to search for Titian's birthplace. He turned leftward, and saw before him at last the little white house of the Italian Customs. A country cart was undergoing leisurely inspection by the lounging *douaniers*, who prodded bales of stuff with long instruments like skewers, and peered into baskets of vegetables for contraband. Larry stopped the Daimler, looking as unconcerned as he felt uncomfortable, and smiled engagingly at the officials, a smile that hinted wealth and generosity. With simulated composure, too, he left the car, and sought the Chief of the Bureau, to claim from him (with dispatch that must not seem

like haste) the deposit paid when the Daimler had entered Italy by train.

Innsbruck was mentioned as his destination: his papers were examined; the money counted out; and, hiding impatience under ceremonious adieux, Larry made for the door. One twist of the starting-handle, and the car leapt into feverish activity. Next instant the undetected thief was in his seat, his foot upon the clutch. But in that instant he heard within the office a furious ringing at the telephone.

That ringing might concern anyone in the world except himself; yet sure, keen instinct told Larry that it concerned him, and no one in the world besides.

A country cart blocked his way. He could not rush straight on, but had to back, and turn out for the clumsy vehicle. Meanwhile, he heard the voice of the official talking at the telephone. Then, just as he had cleared the course and was ready to dash down it, the Chief himself bounded to the door.

"Stop!" yelled the Italian; but Larry feigned deafness, and was off like the wind, the Daimler gathering speed with every second. A half-turn of the head showed her driver that one of the Custom House men had leaped on a bicycle and was pursuing him bent-backed, like a conscientious goblin; but he could laugh at bicyclists. And he did laugh, in growing excitement, until suddenly he was confronted with a new danger. Before him, twenty yards away, was the advance post

Daimler from under the greedy paw of fat Herr Werner; but he had not enough petrol left to take him down the Pustherthal and over the formidable Brenner Pass, nor had he enough money remaining to buy drink for his Daimler and food for himself, after to-night.

Whether he liked or not, he must stop and be "hung up" at Toblach until somehow or other he could contrive to push on farther. Very fast his thoughts worked, keeping time with the flight of the car, as he sped over the exquisite road, shadowed by mountains and Dolomitic needles, which led to Cortina. The beautiful town, with its picture-houses in flowery meadows, he passed without a pause, tourists taking their coffee on hotel verandahs staring at the swift automobile as it flashed by.

"They don't look as if they would want to hire me," he said to himself. "They all seem too happy and restful where they are, the beggars! Anyhow, there's too much risk for me this side of Toblach—if only I can get there!"

The road serpentine through miles

dark lashes. It occurred to Larry O'Hagan that, though he had seen girls more beautiful, he had never seen one with eyes like these: and he was sure that they must really be eyes beyond the common, for the impression he got was flashed to him in a second. As he drove up, the girl had been on the point of going, and the glance she gave him was thrown over a half-turned shoulder. She did not linger to look at the motorist or his motor. Obeying her first intention, she walked away, and went into the house; but even if Larry had not seen her face, he would have guessed from her back that it ought to be worth seeing. The tall figure in grey was as graceful as girlish, and the firm, straight-ahead step expressed character. Besides, no woman who was not pretty would dare to coil even the waviest yellow-brown hair so simply at the nape of a slender neck.

Larry was dimly conscious of mortification that such a girl should show so little interest in such a car—or, perhaps, in such a chauffeur; for though he had never been vainer than other young men, and had lately become less vain than most, as Captain O'Hagan he had been too much spoiled by charming, unwise ladies not



"Stop!" yelled the Italian.

of the *douanerie*, a little sentry-box where two Italian soldiers lounged, their rifles slung upon their backs. These fellows straightened up at sight of the flying car, and their pursuing comrade toiling in a cloud of dust behind.

Guessing that something was wrong, both soldiers stepped pluckily into the road to bar the way. One raised his carbine to his shoulder. "But he won't dare shoot," thought Larry, "and they can't stand there to be ridden down."

With the light of battle in his eye, he kept on his unswerving course; and then, close to the soldiers, gave vent to an unearthly yell. Astonished, horrified at the madman, human nature bade the sentinels fall back, and they jumped aside like grasshoppers. "Thank goodness!" breathed Larry; for had they held their ground against his calculations he must perforce have stopped, and lost himself to save them.

Never was kilometre devoured in quicker time by a mere touring-car than that which stretched between the sentry-box and the first Austrian post. A little further was the *douane*, but luckily there were no rival vehicles waiting there, and the officials had all their time to give the Daimler. Various necessary papers were made out, and nothing inconvenient happened; but to Larry's dismay he found that he must deposit nearly double the sum which had let the car into Italy; and when the money was handed over he had no more than ten florins in his possession.

It was something to get away unmolested; nevertheless, the plot thickened. True, he had snatched the

of pine-land. When would the petrol be finished and the car breathe its last sigh? With each stage of the way safely accomplished, Larry thanked all his lucky stars, and, the top of the Pass reached, it was in all the joy of triumph that he coasted down through Schludersbach. Below him, the trough of the Pustherthal crossed his road. There, at last, was Toblach! He was safe now to get there.

"Hurrah!" he said to himself, as, empty-lunged, the Daimler drew up before the door of Toblach's biggest hotel.

On the verandah were many people; but a group standing at the top of the steps separated themselves from the others to Larry's eyes. As for the rest, their sole striking characteristic was a resemblance to the great family of tourists dispersed about the world. But these three were different: at least, one was different, and glorified her two companions. For she was a very pretty girl, and even more interesting than pretty.

CHAPTER II.

THE GIRL.

As the car stopped, this group of three was so near that Larry's first look was into the girl's eyes. They were big, grey eyes, as innocent as a nun's, yet with a latent spark of daring, and a hint of humour in the curl of the

to be aware of his attractions. But though the girl could march away without a second glance at him or his handsome Daimler, her companions made up for her indifference by their interest; and they were agreeably noticeable against a dull background of tourists.

One was a young woman, the other a young man. They were both handsome, and handsome in the same way, for their likeness to one another advertised twinship.

The young woman owned the full-blown beauty of a Viennese; the young man had somewhat the effect of being laced and buttoned into Austrian uniform under his light tweeds. The pair were dark and gorgeous, and their united age might have made up half a century.

Larry O'Hagan was dark also, with the blue-eyed, black-haired darkness which Ireland gives to some of her sons and daughters; but if he was Celtic, he was also British to the least observant glance; and as he sat awaiting the leisurely approach of a hotel servant to whom he wished to speak, it was not strange that the brother and sister on the steps should feel free to comment upon him in German. Britishers might

gabble a little French, perhaps, but they were safe not to know German!

"If only you had a car like that, Paulchen!" exclaimed the handsome young woman, "what would it not be to us now?"

"If I had, I shouldn't have the money to run it," returned the handsome young man.

"I could have helped you out for a fortnight, and—a fortnight ought to do the trick. Heavens! what a cruel situation! Is there nothing we can do to save it, now that I have brought her? She was so delighted with the idea of the visit to your château."

"I could cheerfully murder the men in possession," said Paulchen, testing the point of his waxed moustache; "but if I did I fear I shouldn't be able to offer you and your friend hospitality for long, my Emmichen."

"How can you have the heart to joke? There must be some way out. We must decide something at once. We can't stay on here. And we *can't* let her slip. What if I should *hire* an automobile and pretend that you had invited us to take a tour in it, because Schloss Waldberg was—undergoing repairs?"

"Automobiles are expensive," sighed Paul. "That one, for instance, if for hire, would certainly cost a hundred gulden a day."

"Ah! I could not run to that!" sighed Emmichen—"not for long enough to give you time, even if I pawned my jewels."

The waiter upon whom Larry had fixed an eye now turned an eye to Larry, and, gathering up the last tea-cup which his loaded tray would hold, came towards the steps.

Meanwhile, Larry's brain worked fast. Talk of rams caught by the horns in bushes!—but the horns must be extricated with delicacy. He must not dare to speak in German. The thing to do was to trust that the pair knew French. All educated Austrians and Germans knew French!

"Have you a garage belonging to this hotel?" Larry cried hastily to the waiter, lest brother and sister should move away before his trap was baited. "I want to put up my car for the night—perhaps longer. You have plenty of tourists here? My intention is to let the automobile by the day or week to travellers, my services thrown in, and all at a bargain!"

Yes, they did know French. They had thrown a look of intelligence at each other. And they did not move away. For a moment, as the chauffeur and waiter talked, the brother and sister parleyed together in excited whispers, each with an ear open to the audible conversation. By the time Larry had learned that there was a garage—an all new and commodious garage—and had sent for a tin of *essence* to carry him there, the pair had reached a decision. Spurred on by the young woman, the young man descended two or three steps, and addressed Larry in badly accented French. Cautiously (remembering, no doubt, certain revelations) he began with a question. "Do you understand German?"

to pay a high price. I would prefer to take another not so fine. You say you offer a bargain. May I ask what is your idea of a bargain?"

Larry paused to do what he had not yet had time to do: reflect. He had no desire to make money for himself, on a car which was not his. He must have his keep, and the Daimler's keep; he wanted no more.

"I am an amateur, out partly for enjoyment," said he, to disarm possible suspicion. "I ask only enough to cover expenses; my own and the car's. Say fifty francs a day, if you will engage me for a week certain."

"Tell him that you will, and perhaps for longer," prompted the sister, in German. "If you haggle,

been offered privileges, and had taken advantage of them at Venice; but he made no stipulations now, except that he must have an advance of a few gulden upon his "wages."

He had come away from the Hotel Bella Italia in the morning with only a small and inconspicuous parcel under his arm—a parcel containing a few of the barest necessities; and before the shops of the village could be shut, he went out to supplement them on the Baron's—



The exquisite road that leads to Cortina.

someone else will get him. It is a great chance."

"*Eh bien!*" exclaimed her brother. "Consider yourself engaged. I am Captain the Baron Paul von Waldern, and my sister is the Duchesse de Rocheverte. But the Duc will not be with us. He is—travelling. There will be only our two selves, and one guest—a light weight for an automobile. What is your name, and what is the make of your car, if you please?"

Larry styled himself Richard Laurence (he had a Richard sandwiched in among other names), showed his papers, discovered that Baron Paul knew nothing of motoring, and parted from the brother and sister at last with the satisfactory knowledge that his future was assured—for at least a week.

His new employer was to let him know, during the evening, the hour for starting next morning, and some

or the Duchess's—generosity. Coming out from the post-office, where he had telegraphed to Tom Petrie, he paused before an exhibition of picture postcards. On one, the name "Schloss Waldberg" caught his eye. It was printed under a coloured photograph of a picturesque mediæval castle, perched upon a pine-clad eminence, with Dolomitic mountains in the near background.

"Ah, the Baron's château is a show place," he said to himself, and, buying the postcard, he questioned the rosy Fräulein who sold it.

Yes, Schloss Waldberg was in the neighbourhood: about twelve miles from Toblach. Excursionists went to look at it sometimes, but strangers were not allowed inside the castle. They could do no more than take photographs from a distance—across the river. The owner—Baron Paul von Waldern—let the place sometimes, when he could; but people said the house was not in good repair. It was better outside than in, for the family were poor and could not keep things as they should be kept. Yes, the little Fräulein believed the young Baron was living there himself now, with only one or two servants to look after him, so she had heard. It was certain he had left the army, and lately. There was gossip—talk of card debts, and so on; but who could tell what was the truth about persons of the aristocracy whom one didn't know? She had seen the Baron Paul, but not for several years—not since his father died. Now there was no one left in the family except the young man and his twin sister, who had been at school in France and married a titled Frenchman, a Duke, whose name was of the sort you could not remember or pronounce if you did remember. But it was said that this Duke, who had been rich when he married,

had lost nearly everything now, and travelled for some commercial firm. Yet that, too, was gossip, and Mutterchen would not approve if she heard her daughter repeating it.

With this information concerning his new employers, Larry went back to the hotel and ate a solitary dinner, trying to fit the pieces of a puzzle together.

If, as the Duchesse de Rocheverte said, it was unwise to look a gift motor-car under the bonnet, it would be ungrateful to pry into the secrets of employers who had, so to speak, fallen upon him like manna in the desert. Larry had no wish to pry; but he was human: he had looked into a girl's eyes; and he could not help wanting to know how those eyes and their owner were concerned in von Waldern and Rocheverte affairs.

That they were concerned, and intimately concerned, was evident. The "she" of whom the Duchess and her brother had so earnestly talked together could be

(Continued on page 1001.)



Human nature bade the sentinels fall back.

"It will be better if you will kindly speak in French," was Larry's diplomatic answer.

"Paulchen" looked relieved, and so did "Emmichen." "I heard you tell the waiter that you wished to let out your automobile," went on the Austrian. "It happens that I was thinking of hiring one, for a tour with my sister and a friend of hers, who have arrived to visit me. Yours is a handsome car; but I cannot afford

marked in German to her brother as they walked away, "that the man's a gentleman, and may want to put on airs. But one mustn't look a gift-horse in the mouth—or a gift motor-car under the bonnet."

Larry thought it very probable that he would want to put on airs, but resolved not to yield to temptation, even when a pair of bewildering grey eyes should be upon him. On engaging to serve the Ransomes, he had

details of the tour. Meanwhile, he was to take a room (but not a costly room) in the hotel at Baron Paul von Waldern's expense.

"The troublesome part is," the Duchess had re-

CLEMENCEAU'S SURPRISE VISITOR: THE NAPOLEON OF THE VINEYARD.

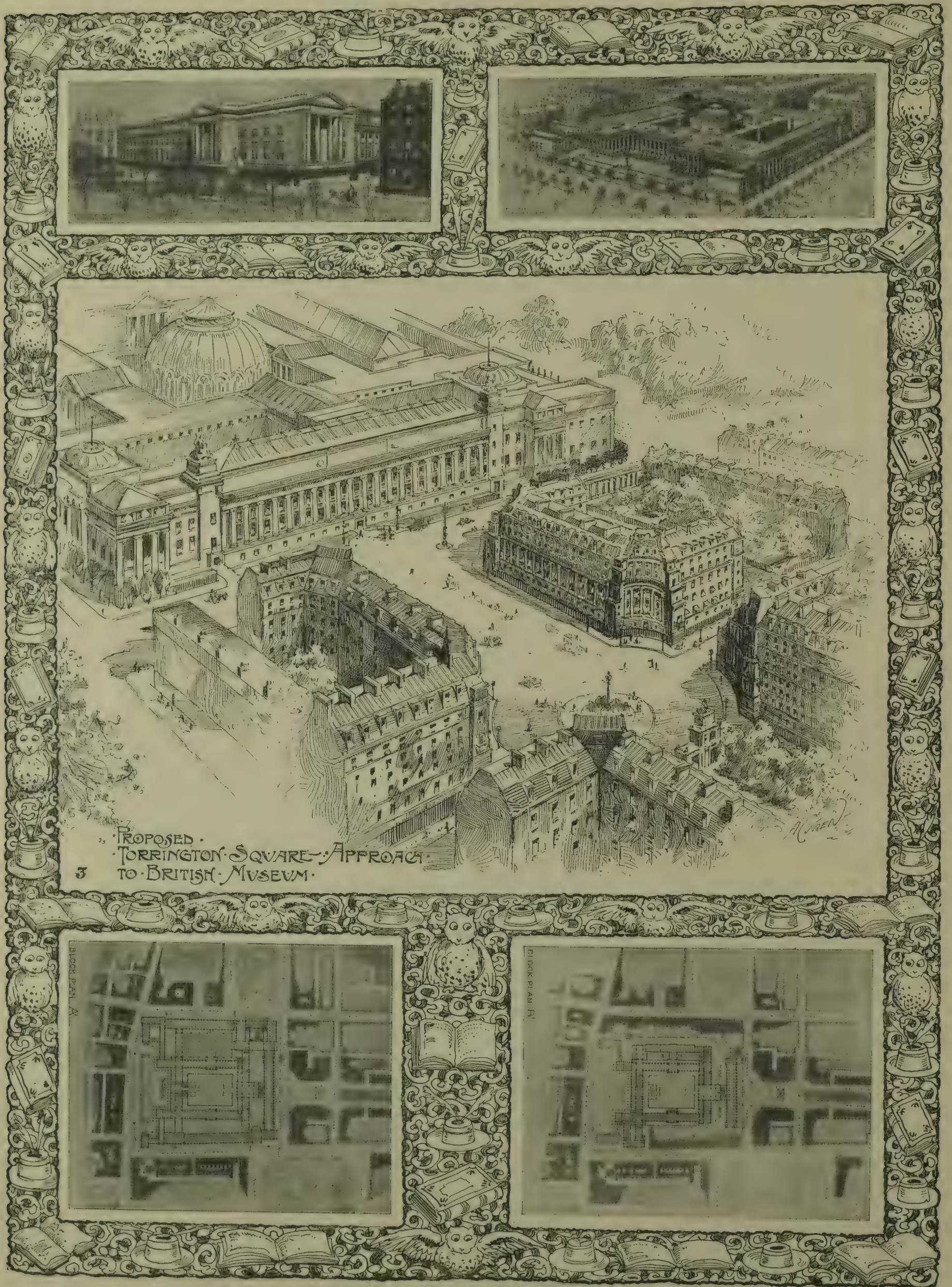


MARCELIN ALBERT: THE NAPOLEON OF THE SOUTH OUTSIDE THE OFFICES OF THE WINE-GROWERS' AGITATION COMMITTEE.

On June 23 Marcelin Albert, the fugitive leader of the wine-growers' agitation, suddenly appeared at the Ministry of the Interior in Paris, and asked to see M. Clemenceau. The Prime Minister was amazed to find that the man for whom his officials were seeking 800 miles away was actually at his door. He had him admitted at once, and rebuked him for his part in the agitation. Albert was reported to have quitted the Ministry with the intention of returning to Argelliers and giving himself up to justice. Albert is a simple, black-bearded, brown-skinned peasant proprietor. He is fifty-six, but his lithe frame, all bone and sinew, is tremendously active, and his energy is like that of a man who has not passed his fourth decade. He has the strong accent of the Southern Cevennes. Albert was educated at the Lycée of Carcassonne. At school he devoured the speeches of Danton, Robespierre, and Marat, from whom he is continually quoting.

NEW HOUSE ROOM FOR THE BRITISH MUSEUM: A GREAT SCHEME.

FROM DESIGNS BY THE ARCHITECT, MR. J. J. BURNET.



PROPOSED TORRINGTON SQUARE APPROACH TO BRITISH MUSEUM.

1. THE MONTAGUE STREET FRONT AS IT WILL APPEAR FROM RUSSELL SQUARE.
2. THE ENTIRE SCHEME COMPLETED: THE MUSEUM BUILDINGS AS THEY WILL BE.
3. A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE NEW BUILDINGS, AND THE PROPOSED APPROACH FROM TORRINGTON SQUARE.
4. BLOCK PLAN OF THE COMPLETE SCHEME OF EXTENSION: THE NEW FRONTAGES TO MONTAGUE STREET, MONTAGUE PLACE, AND BLOOMSBURY STREET.
5. RELATION TO THE EXISTING BUILDING OF THE NEW BLOCK IN MONTAGUE PLACE, WITH THE HOUSES TO BE DEMOLISHED IN MONTAGUE AND BLOOMSBURY STREETS.

In order to make way for the vast extension of the Museum, the State has acquired the property of the Duke of Bedford in Montague Street, Montague Place, and Bloomsbury Street, so that the buildings, when complete, will occupy an island site, bounded on the west, north, and east by the streets already named including part of Bedford and Russell Squares, and on the south by Great Russell Street. The Duke of Bedford has presented a site for the northern approach from Torrington Square. The architect also intends to modify the existing southern façade, according to the scheme outlined in design No. 2 on this page.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM'S HUGE EXTENSION, INAUGURATED BY THE KING.



THE NEW NORTH FRONT OF THE MUSEUM AND THE PROPOSED APPROACH FROM TORRINGTON SQUARE.

The British Museum has for a very long time suffered from lack of space, and a great extension scheme is now in progress. Thursday last was fixed for the laying of the foundation stone of the new wing by his Majesty the King. For the present only the block facing Montague Place will be completed, but the entire scheme involves two other new frontages, one occupying the whole right hand side of Montague Street, and the other the left hand side of Bloomsbury Street. The new front will be 400 feet long. The architect is Mr. J. J. Burnet, who has kindly permitted us to reproduce some of his designs, and to make drawings from others.

THE FORTHCOMING GREAT FEAT OF ENDURANCE IN MOTORING.



SIXTY MILES AN HOUR FOR TWENTY-FOUR HOURS ON END: MR. S. F. EDGE PRACTISING TAKING ONE OF THE TURNS OF THE BROOKLANDS MOTOR TRACK.

Friday, June 28, has been fixed for the beginning of Mr. S. F. Edge's attempt to drive his six-cylinder car at a speed of sixty miles an hour for twenty-four hours. If he succeeds he will have surpassed the performance of any express engine; for no locomotive is driven at sixty miles an hour for a very long period. The record average of speed, fifty-five and a half miles an hour, is held by the Great Western Company's trains between London and Plymouth. Mr. Edge hopes to reduce his stoppages to two, and these will be made only to replenish his supply of petrol and oil. Sandwiches, fruit, and an occasional egg-and-milk will be his only food. At night the track will be lit with great Wells lights, and the car will carry five Bleriot lamps.

PHOTOGRAPH BY FOUTSHAM AND BANFIELD.

no other than the girl who had just left them—the “friend and visitor” to whom the Baron had alluded afterwards. And though Larry would thankfully have accepted the engagement if it had offered no attractions, the knowledge that the girl with the eyes would be of the party did not leave him indifferent. He deduced that she had been enticed by the Duchess to Toblach, with the prospect of staying in a beautiful, old-world castle among the Dolomites. Then something untoward had happened. “Paulchen” had met the ladies with bad news which only his sister must hear. There had been a murmur concerning “men in possession,” if Larry had not misunderstood. And if he had not, it was a very embarrassing position for the would-be host of two such charming visitors. Larry, fallen temporarily upon evil days, could find it in his heart to be sorry for his employer; and yet he was not drawn towards handsome Baron Paul. There was a hard glitter in the great black eyes which a woman might not see, but which repelled a man’s sympathy—especially if the man were a son of Britain.

“No wonder the Duchess wished for a motor-car!” thought Larry, revolving probabilities. “The brother’s affairs seem rather well known in this neighbourhood. It wouldn’t do to stop long here, even if it were convenient—and cheap. Well, I must look stolid if I hear them talk to the girl about ‘necessary repairs at Schloss Waldberg,’ and I mustn’t let myself in for overhearing any more family secrets. It’s too uncomfortable. My knowledge of German will have to increase by leaps and bounds. I shall buy a phrase-book, and let them know I have a surprising gift for picking up languages.”

As he meditated, there came a message for the chauffeur. The Baron Paul von Waldern wished to see him in No. 4A, the Duchesse de Rocheverte’s private sitting-room.

Larry rose, and obeyed the summons, surprised as he stood at the door to find that his heart was beating rather faster than usual.

It was a very small sitting-room that he was bidden to enter, and the trio he had seen grouped together on the steps were again grouped closely together, facing him as he went in. He felt suddenly as if he were an actor on a diminutive stage, without any footlights, and the audience almost upon him.

He had wondered as he stood at the door if the girl would be there; and she was—sitting on a sofa, with her hand clasped in the Duchess’s left hand, the Duchess’s right arm round her waist. On her other side, Baron Paul had drawn up his chair, and between the brother and sister she was fenced in. It seemed as if the von Waldern family had taken possession of her, and did not mean to let her go.

She was prettier than ever. She had probably been in the act of going away to change for dinner when Larry had first seen her, for the grey travelling dress she wore then had been replaced by a white muslin, with a soft lace-edged fichu, which was crossed, Puritan fashion, over her bosom and tied behind the slim waist.

“This is my English chauffeur,” announced the Baron in French.

It was not an introduction. Rather was it an indication of a chattel—a chattel in which an Austrian nobleman might feel a kind of pleasant pride. Larry was not sure, if this preface were a specimen of what he had to expect, that he would not be tempted beyond his strength to the “putting on” of those “airs” which the Duchess had prophesied. The chattel grew faintly red in the face as the girl looked up. But annoyance changed to another emotion under her



Mona.

smile—a bright, understanding, and even sympathising smile.

“How do you do?” she asked in English. “But are you *really* English?”

“I’m Irish,” said Larry.

“I thought so,” she said. “I’m partly Irish, so I can generally tell a fellow-countryman.”

When she had said this, and smiled again, she leaned back, as if to show that she had finished; but she had said enough to do exactly what she

intended to do: prove to the chauffeur, and prove to his employer, that she could recognise a gentleman when she saw one; also that, whatever his position at the moment, in her eyes a gentleman was always a gentleman, and should be treated as such.

Larry looked at her with respectful gratitude, this girl whose name he did not even know; but mentally he was kissing her hand.

She had given Baron Paul a little lesson; and he knew it, for his manner changed visibly, as if in indication that he was glad to please her. “Ah, a countryman of yours, Mees Lee!” he echoed with a gracious nod for the chauffeur. “Well, Laurence, I sent for you to say that the Duchess and Mees Lee wish to go into Bavaria and see the castles of the Mad King. Their will”—and he glanced at the girl—“is my law. We will start to-morrow morning at ten.”

“Bavaria is cheaper than Austria,” Larry reflected; but aloud he murmured acquiescence with the Baron’s will, and thus murmuring, wondered why he felt almost irresistibly impelled to punch the Baron’s head. In his own, the idea was growing that the Austrians, brother and sister, were bent upon giving Miss Lee an impression that the motor-car trip had been premeditated. He was almost sure “Paulchen” had made the girl believe that chauffeur and car belonged to him—body, soul, chassis, and all. Why he should personally object to have this impression conveyed he was not quite sure; but he was very sure that he did object, and strenuously, too.

“The fellow wants her to think him no end of a swell, and rich enough to keep no end of motors eating their heads off in his garage until it occurs to him to bring one out and use it—to please a lady,” Larry thought venomously.

A great friend of his, Jack Paget, had lately been having some queer experiences as a chauffeur. Larry had heard of them in letters, and laughed at them; but for the moment he saw nothing to laugh at in his own.

CHAPTER. III.

DOUBLE WORK FOR THE POLICE.

Herr Werner was in his room, which commanded the ugly new lift, and the noble old stairway, once trodden by princely owners. Over the frescoed ceiling of the hall a network of golden lights quivered in reflected glory from the Grand Canal outside. The window, looking upon the courtyard where the fountain splashed in a basin of marble, was framed with a purple fringe of wisteria. Venice was in her most brilliant spring beauty, and the Hotel Bella Italia was crammed; yet Herr Werner was in a bad temper. He hated to be thwarted, hated to be “got the better of”; and he had been thwarted and got the better of by a youngster whom he apostrophised as a “cheating, lying, rascally thief of a chauffeur.”

Two days had passed since the Wretch had decamped in his car, without paying his debts; and though Herr Werner had thrown a little good money after bad in revengeful attempts to track the villain down, he had thus far been unsuccessful in tracing him beyond the frontier. If he chose to go to further expense, he might triumph eventually, but it was a grave question whether it would be worth while; and he was hesitating over the writing of a letter which would commit him to a course of action, when his son and assistant manager appeared at the door.

“Father, here are Major and Mrs. Ransome, and Mr. Ransome, who wish

to speak with you,” announced the young man, who looked like a new and abridged edition of his parent. “They talk only English.”

Herr Werner started, and looked up frowning. He was sick of the name of Ransome, which had made him so much trouble, and lost him so much hard cash. But the



A group at the top of the steps.

glare softened into milder glistening at the sight of the three persons ushered by his son to the open door. His practised eye, rarely mistaken, told him that these were no impostors upon whom might be visited the sins of an escaped conspirator. They were rich, they were respectable, they were even aristocratic, this bunch of Ransomes; and the background was filled in with an even more obviously respectable valet and femme-de-chambre.

Herr Werner rose and bowed. His thoughts moved quickly. After all, then, there was a *famille* Ransome. Possibly the chauffeur had not been the owner of the automobile which he—Herr Werner—had threatened to sell in payment of the growing debt. He would soon know all; but if these Ransomes were those Ransomes, perhaps they had better *not* know all. He would be politic. He would decide what to say, and what not to say.

"The name of Ransome has been on my books for the last some weeks," he began in laboured English. "Is it that—"

"We expected to arrive about three weeks ago," cut in the tall, thin, sawn gentleman with a hook nose, and the air of one accustomed to command. This air the landlord knew to be characteristic of the English, the best class of English—those who were lords—those who were soldiers. Indeed, the adventurer chauffeur had had something of it; but what the experienced hotel-keeper respected in the successful irritated him in the unsuccessful. "Our rooms were engaged at this hotel," continued Major Ransome, but Herr Werner threw up his hands in deprecation.

"Alas, Sir, it is a pity. I had given you up, and those rooms—our best and most beautiful rooms—are let to others since two days ago, after being kept vacant for you these many weeks. It is quite a history; there have been misunderstandings, and I cannot blame myself—"

"It doesn't matter," broke in the Englishman. "We have not come here now to make a long stay, though we shall be compelled to stop the night, in any case, at your hotel, or somewhere else. Have you anything you can give us?"

"I must arrange something, Sir."

"Very good. Your manager can let our servants know where the rooms are. Meanwhile, I should like a little private conversation with you."

Young Werner swept the valet and the femme-de-chambre out of the background, and took himself away. All three members of the "*famille* Ransome" filed into the landlord's room, and the door was shut behind them.

"When we first made up our minds to come to Venice, it was arranged that my wife's step-daughter should meet us here, with her maid," Major Ransome explained, somewhat sharply, as if he grudged the time for explanations. "She was to come from Paris, where she had been at school since childhood. At Brindisi we received a telegram from this school, saying that Miss Eversleigh had disappeared. Instead of coming on here, we naturally took the first train for Paris, and since then have been so harassed, and in such a state of anxiety, that we have been able to give no thought to less important matters. Vaguely I understood that my wife had wired here. She had the impression (the misunderstanding arose out of a hurried conversation never finished) that I had done so. Now, your manager tells me you have not kept our rooms. Beyond that I have heard nothing, as I asked to see you in person, immediately. You have only to make out our bill for anything owing, of course, to be paid; however, that's a detail."

To the mind of Herr Werner it was far from being an insignificant one; but his bow was a polite acquiescence.

"The great question—the question that has finally brought us to Venice, in spite of all, in the hope of having it satisfactorily answered, is this: Has Miss Eversleigh arrived here?"

"I fear we have not that name in the hotel books,"



He bought a picture postcard.

and a young lady, accompanied by a maid more or less answering the description of the person engaged for Miss Eversleigh, has just been traced to Vienna, and from there to this neighbourhood. We were still in France, having followed up several false scents; but, thinking it possible that Miss Eversleigh had come to Venice as the rendezvous originally arranged, we hoped that at last we were on the right track. Accordingly, we have hurried here to see for ourselves. My wife has a picture of Miss Eversleigh to show you. When you have looked at it you will be able to tell me whether she is, or has been, in this hotel."

From a jewelled gold bag, which hung from her arm by a chain, Mrs. Ransome produced a russet-leather case, which resembled a pocket-book. This framed a coloured photograph of a very young and pretty girl, so young and so pretty that even Herr Werner would scarcely have forgotten her had she ever passed the open door of his watch-tower.

"The young lady is not here—has not been here," he answered decidedly: "but, as I said, she may be in Venice. Let me call my son. He goes about more than I do. He often visits the sons of other hotel proprietors."

"Certainly, call him," replied Major Ransome; "also my chauffeur, who is, I suppose, still here, waiting for our arrival."

Herr Werner's face, always red, became redder. To explain to a rich client who had just suggested payment of his account, without haggling, that he had been considered a myth, is an awkward thing to do. Major Ransome's Indian sallowness hinted at an irritable temper. Herr Werner determined to account for the chauffeur's absence without mentioning that there had been a threat to sell the motor-car.

"I regret to tell you, Sir, that your confidence in your chauffeur is misplaced," the landlord began. "He has been gone for some days. He took your automobile with him; and though I have done my best, I have not yet been able to find out where he has taken it."

Major Ransome's eyes blazed. "You mean to say the fellow has stolen my car?"

"He has done so, Sir," answered the German, pleased to revenge himself upon the impudent young fellow who had spoiled his rest and damaged his digestion.



The young man addressed Larry.

Mrs. Ransome—a hard-faced woman of forty-five, with eagerly cherished remains of beauty—sat down in the chair which was offered her. Major Ransome and his son—a youth whose chin was his one retiring feature—preferred to stand.

said Herr Werner. "Yet—it is possible the lady may be in Venice."

"We have been obliged reluctantly to call in the aid of the French police," went on Major Ransome. "They have communicated with the police of other countries,

"I'll have the car back and the thief in prison before I'm many days older, if it costs me more than the price of the motor!" flashed out the Anglo-Indian.

"Oh dear, we seem fated to keep the police busy!" sighed Mrs. Ransome, unnerved by a new shock after her long journey.

"It's a thing that doesn't happen to most people to have a relative and an automobile both kidnapped within a month of each other," murmured young Mr. Ransome, with a kind of chastened pride.

"I must have a description of the fellow," said the sallow soldier, whipping out his note-book. "Height—colouring—age—"

"I can do better than that for you, Sir," replied the landlord. "My son has a snapshot of the chauffeur in the car, taken the day after their arrival."

"Pray call your son," said Major Ransome.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WATCHER.

The Baron and his sister were in no hurry to arrive in Bavaria. There was the Brenner to be crossed, Innsbruck to see; and Mad King Ludwig's castles would not give occupation for more than a few days. The motor-car was engaged for a week, or a fortnight; but if a week should prove sufficient, all the better for the pocket of the Duchess.

"If it can be settled in a week," the twin sister murmured to the twin brother, as the two inspected the automobile before starting from Toblach—"if it can be settled in a week, there'll be no more need of the motor. We can stop somewhere and be happy quietly."

She spoke in German, and the chauffeur was not supposed to understand; but conscience bade him at that moment drop at his employer's feet the phrase-book, which he had not forgotten to buy. "English into German," the words, black on red, stared up to their faces, and silenced them. Larry knew that

In an ugly man, or an old man, this would have been offensive; but Paul was young and handsome. His eyes were burning suns when he looked at Miss Lee through her thick veil of chiffon. He was a soldier, and a brilliant sportsman, if his own stories and his sister's stories were true. He could ride straight, he could shoot true; he could sing; he could act; he could dance; and—there was no doubt—he could make love.

Conversation between the three in the tonneau was carried on in French, which Miss Lee spoke as well as she did English; and as no one seemed to think the chauffeur mattered, Larry was forced to overhear much, whether he liked or no. If the girl wished to enjoy the scenery, she was given little chance to appreciate it, for the Baron made constant calls upon her attention, which he would scarcely allow to wander from himself for a moment. If, however, the girl did cry out in sudden admiration of a view—an old castle on a steep green hill or a mediæval town lying in a valley—the car must be stopped for her to have a longer look or take a photograph. If she fell in love with a field of wild flowers, the motor must slow down just enough for Baron Paul to leap out bravely, at the risk of falling on his nose, to gather a bunch of forget-me-nots, or wild lilies-of-the-valley, or a spray of sweetbriar, and then

No doubt Miss Lee believed him: why should she not? But Larry O'Hagan was sceptical.

"He wants the runs to be short so that he can have a chance to walk about with the girl, and get her to himself," was the thought in the chauffeur's mind. "Besides, the less distance he has to cover before 'things are settled,' the cheaper it will be for him, as then he can make some excuse to stop the tour, and save his sister her fifty francs a day for the car."

The thing to be settled was, of course, an engagement with Miss Lee; Larry saw that clearly now. But as to the motive, he was not quite so clear.

She was pretty—beautiful, Larry had begun to think—and even more fascinating than pretty; but Baron Paul von Waldern was not the man to propose to a girl whose face and charming ways made up her fortune. Still, Mona Lee had neither the air nor the appearance of a great heiress. She had a modest, simple manner, a little shy, like a child brought up in a strict, old-fashioned household. Such dresses of hers as Larry had seen were of the plainest, though they suited her well; and she had brought no maid, nor seemed to want one.

"How glorious it is to have a holiday!" he heard her exclaim; and from that he judged that she had escaped



"Here are Major, Mrs., and Mr. Ransome."

he had dried the fountain of information at its source; but though his curiosity was piqued, he did not mean to satisfy it by eavesdropping.

"What is to be settled in a fortnight—or in a week, if possible?" he asked himself at starting. But by the time Innsbruck was reached, he thought that he could have answered his own question. If ever a girl was "rushed" by a young man in love, who was determined to make her fall in love, and had no time to waste by the way, that girl was Miss Lee—called "Mona, darling," by her friend Emmilie.

The two had her between them on the back seat, although the ladies would have been more comfortable had Baron Paul taken one of the small folding chairs which could be let down in the tonneau, or if he had sat in front beside the chauffeur. The Duchesse de Rocheverte talked little, but her brother talked a great deal. He paid Miss Lee compliments on her voice, her hair, her eyes, her complexion, such compliments as Englishmen do not pay; he asked her advice about the "repairs" on his famous château; he wanted to know what traits a man must have to please her, and swore to cultivate all those in which he might be lacking.

spring in again with dashing valour, after a fleet chase which displayed a slim, lithe figure to advantage.

Perhaps it was natural to faulty human nature that the man out of the running should regard with jealous scorn the man in the running, when a particularly charming girl was the prize. Certainly Larry did despise Baron Paul von Waldern, and search for some mean incentive in everything he did or said.

"Cad! Bounder! Soapy sentimentalist! Silly idiot!" were only a few of the epithets with which the hired chauffeur had mentally apostrophised his good-looking employer between morning and evening of the first day out.

He did not believe one of the romantic tales which the Baron had told about himself or his castle or his ancestors; and so extreme was his disgust for the Austrian nobleman that his hand on the steering-wheel tingled to do the fellow a mischief.

They did not push on to Innsbruck in a day, as they could easily have done, in one splendid run of a hundred miles over the Brenner Pass, but stopped for the night at Brennerbad. There was no need to hurry on, since Miss Lee loved beautiful country, said Baron Paul. He had motored over the Brenner before, driving himself, and he knew every inch of the way. There were châteaux and ancient churches and gateways he would like to show Miss Lee, legends of the road he would like to tell her.

joyously from some distasteful drudgery. If it had not been for Paul's oppressive attentions and Emmilie's approval of them, Larry might have taken Miss Lee for a well-born young governess resting from her work and hating the thought of going back to it.

The question, what she was, did not, however, occupy the chauffeur's mind as much as the question, what did she think of the Baron and his rapid love-making. They stopped at Brennerbad; they went on to Innsbruck; and still Larry could not make out the girl's frame of mind.

She was very happy the first day; that was patent. She loved the freedom from some mysterious restraint which had made her suffer; she loved the motoring, the glorious mountain country, and the draughts of fresh air she drew in at every breath. She exclaimed over the beauty of the world and her joy in it. She was grateful to Emmilie for giving her "such a holiday." She laughed at the Baron's rather heavy jokes, and even more at his compliments, but kindly and gleefully.

Next day, she did not laugh quite so often; she was more thoughtful, though the magnificent run to Innsbruck ("Like a long toboggan-slide," she said) was inspiring. Was Paul making his impression? What did that silence mean? Was she already beginning to fall in love? Larry noticed a faint wistfulness in her look as Paul helped her down from the car at Innsbruck, and was conscious of a wish to



Gossensass.

do something for her—what, he did not know; but something.

They stayed at Innsbruck for three days, at a quiet, old-fashioned hotel, whose painted pictorial façade was hardly known to tourists. The first of these days was given up to seeing the town, and the chauffeur, having no instructions, thought that he might as well see it too, keeping out of the way of his employers. But it is difficult for one sightseer to keep out of the way of other sightseers in Innsbruck. He met the trio in the fine Maria Theresen Strasse, with its background of towering white mountains, and, later, in the old Hof Kirche, among the goodly company of bronze kings and queens of old, great Maximilian's ancestors.

Larry kept himself unobtrusively out of the way, yet Baron Paul—not daring to be openly rude to so cheap, so heaven-sent a chauffeur—stared as if a servant had no right to tourist privileges. Perhaps Mona Lee saw the stare, and disapproved of it, for she came out of her way to join Larry for a moment, leaving the brother and sister to gaze sulkily at the marble *bas-reliefs* on Maximilian's tomb.

"Aren't the big bronze gentlemen and ladies delightful creatures?" she asked. "I like even the swaggering, bumptious ones. And the women's bronze embroideries and quaint gloves and head-dresses make up for their dull faces. But Theodoric and Arthur are splendid! I should love to know Theodoric, and be kind to him, and cheer him up, he seems so sad—as if he'd had bad luck which he hadn't deserved."

"I've just been sympathising with him," answered Larry smiling. "If a cat may look at a king, I suppose a chauffeur may sympathise with one."

"But you're not an ordinary chauffeur," said the girl quickly. "We're fellow countryman and woman, so I take an interest. Do you sympathise with Theodoric because you, too, have had bad luck—which you didn't deserve?"

"Perhaps I did deserve it," said Larry.

"I don't believe you did," the girl assured him. "I wish——"

But what she wished Larry would never know, because Emmilie and Paul, highly disapproving such a tête-à-tête, made haste to cut it short. "Mona darling" was called to look at something else, and Laurence the chauffeur was ignored.

Larry had given Tom Petrie "Poste Restante, Innsbruck," as an address for answering the telegram sent from Toblach; and an

answer came, but there was no news in it. The junior partner in the Majestic Motor Car Agency, Limited, could not say where the Ransomes were hiding themselves, nor could their friend who had recommended them to the company. But, "It will be all right sooner or later," was Petrie's unfaltering opinion.

Meanwhile, there was nothing to do except to go on with the Baron's party, no matter how disagreeable the Baron's manner might be.

On the second and third days the car was wanted to take the three friends on short excursions in the neighbourhood. There was a famous old Schloss or two to see, and various places of historical interest which Paul always contrived to connect in some way with a brave story of his own ancestry. According to him, the von Walderns had done more for their country's glory in the past than any other noble family of Austria still existing. Ever since the tenth century there had been knightly, chivalrous von Walderns going about serving Emperors or Kings, and making bold, successful love to beautiful ladies.

"No one can love like a von Waldern," was an ancient saying at Court, according to the last scion of the name. And Mona Lee listened and smiled; but whenever it chanced that Larry saw one of these smiles, it seemed to him that they became less and less spontaneous. Towards evening of the third day, having returned from a short run, Larry had left his passengers at their hotel, and was driving the Daimler into her garage, when a man stepped forward, addressing him in German—

"I would like to speak to you," he said. Larry stopped the car in her usual place in the garage and got out.

"Speak to me?" he echoed. The man was a meanly built, fox-faced person whom he had never seen before. "Are you sure you're not mistaking me for someone else?"

The stranger smiled. "If you want to be mistaken for someone else you ought to get your wheel-caps replaced with others. Look here," and he took from a greasy pocket-book a slip cut out from a newspaper. "It's just a lucky chance that some motor-expert besides myself hasn't got hold of this before now. Oh, you can take it in your hand if you like—and tear it up if you like. That won't do

you any good. I have the address by heart, and can answer the advertisement if I choose. Probably I will choose; unless it's made worth my while not to do so."

Larry read the clipping which, if labelled correctly by its owner, had appeared that morning in an Innsbruck paper. It contained a description of himself and the Daimler, and offered a reward of four hundred gulden to anyone sending information of its whereabouts to Herr W. Werner, Hotel Bella Italia, Venice.

"I thought I had seen such a car come out of this garage," explained the man, "and I asked a few questions—nothing to frighten you. I've been waiting for you to get back. They thought you'd be in early."

Larry kept a calm face; but he had known more comfortable moments. "Revengeful old brute!" he was saying to himself, as the picture of the Venetian landlord rose in all its bulk before him. "Now if only the advertisement had been put in by the Ransomes I should have known what to do."

This was the idea that first flashed through his mind; but a second later he was asking himself frankly whether, even in that case, his way would be quite clear. Of course, the Ransomes had a right to the car, and to him. If he knew where to find them, it would be his duty to do so on the instant. But—the eyes of Mona Lee seemed to look at him with that new wistful, anxious look that had come into them since the first day of the journey. Could he break away from the Baron and the Duchess, leaving the girl to them, never seeing her again, never knowing how her story ended? He could temporise; he could write to the Ransomes, and ask where to meet them; he could make an appointment and invent an excuse for delay; he could do almost anything rather than turn his back on Mona Lee, letting her go out of his life for ever.

But, luckily—yes, luckily!—the name of Werner and not Ransome was at the end of that dangerous little paragraph. He owed no duty to Herr Werner. And he did not—thank goodness!—know where to find the Ransomes. Spider Werner should not reach out a hairy tentacle and claw back the escaped fly, if Larry O'Hagan could help it.

"I'm going to telegraph to Venice," went on the mean-faced stranger, "unless——"

"Unless?"

"You pay me eight hundred gulden."

"After which," said Larry quietly, "you would send your telegram just the same, and so stand to win twelve hundred. Quite a pretty little plan."

"I would give you my word of honour not to do that," replied the man.

"Thank you,"

said Larry.

He even

smiled, as

if he also



The car must be stopped for her to take a photograph.

had a pretty little plan; but for the moment his mind was a blank. "I must think it over," he went on.

"For how long?"

"A few minutes."

"Very well, I'll wait."

Larry began to flick the dust off the car with a large rag, and whistle. It was the air of "The Girl He Left Behind Him" which sprang to his lips. No, he couldn't—he wouldn't leave the girl! But what to do? He had no money with which to bribe this wretch, even if he could stoop to bribery—even if he would gain anything by so stooping.

As he flicked the car and whistled, he saw, to his surprise, the Baron, the Duchess, and Mona Lee all walking quickly towards the garage. The two ladies had on the thick veils which they wore when motoring, and would have been impossible to recognise had he not known their figures, their dresses, and their escort. He was glad, because of Fox-face, that they were thus disguised.

"Do you understand French?" he hastily asked in that language.

The man stared, for answer. His puzzled eyes told that he had not even caught the question.

"What do you say?" he inquired, curiously. But Larry had no time to reply. The two ladies and Baron Paul had come into the garage. Their manner, it seemed to Larry, was strange. Mona and the Duchess, standing at a distance, leaned against one another. Mona fanned herself with her handkerchief, without lifting her thick veil. The two talked together in low voices, their bosoms rising and falling tumultuously. Evidently they had made great haste.

Larry's heart was beating. Had they, too, seen the advertisement, and was he to be put to the question, perhaps discharged?

But the Baron's first words reassured him, and never had the Austrian's voice been so agreeable in his ears.

"How soon could you have your car ready for a start?" Paul asked abruptly.

"In ten minutes," said Larry.

The mean-faced man listened with the expression of a hungry fox, but could understand not a word. His eyes snapped, and Larry guessed that he had it in his mind to speak to the new-comer in German, therefore he must be before-hand with him.

"Do not look at him now, but the person with me is a beggar," said Larry to the Baron, "and not of too good character. It is better not to know German if he speaks to you; then he will be quiet, and let you alone."

"Very good," returned Paul absent-mindedly. "I have other things to attend

to, and can't be worried. Something has happened which makes it better that we should go on to Bavaria at once, instead of stopping another night in Innsbruck, as we intended. I want to get away—not in ten minutes, but as soon as our packing can be done. My sister will go to the hotel to do it. I will stop here with Miss Lee. Luckily, we have not much luggage: the packing won't take long—half an hour at most—and the Duchess will come back here with everything in a carriage. You might go now and call her one."

"What! and leave that blackmailer fellow to find out that you know German!" thought Larry quickly. "I will send somebody," he said aloud. "I had better use all my time getting the car ready."

He found a boy employed in the garage, and hurried him off with the promise of a few coppers.

Meanwhile, he was wondering how to get out of the trap into which he had fallen.

"Something had happened." Those were the Baron's words; and, whatever it was, Miss Lee had been greatly disturbed by it. She was agitated: her friend Emmilie was soothing her with pattings and purrings in a quiet corner of the garage. And it must have been something rather serious, Larry told himself, as it not only necessitated a sudden start, at a strange and inconvenient hour, but prevented Miss Lee from going back to the hotel to do her own packing. Indeed, it was almost like a flight, and nothing could have suited Larry's private interests better, had he seen his way to escape from Fox-face without an impossible sort of scene which would disgust Mona.

"If only they'd all go, I'd think out some plan to get rid of the blackmailing beast," the young man thought, dubiously. But they did not mean to go, and when the time came for the car's departure, the Watcher would not stand by quietly and let his prey escape. He would dart off and send telegrams; but worse than that—since telegrams are a long time on the way—he

It seemed to Larry that her voice trembled a little. He opened the door of the tonneau, and when the girl had got in, would have closed it again if Baron Paul had not snatched it from his hand. "I will keep you company, Miss Lee," he said.

Mona did not answer, but—or Larry imagined it—a slight movement of her shoulders showed annoyance.

"Have you made up your mind yet?" gently inquired the Watcher, as Larry moved away from the car. "I am not prepared to wait much longer."

CHAPTER V.

THE PACKING OF A SUIT-CASE.

"Yes, I've made up my mind," answered Larry. "You needn't send that telegram."

"You're going to give me the eight hundred gulden?"

"Come with me to my hotel. I keep my money there," was Larry's suggestive reply. Then he turned to the Baron, asking leave to go and put his things together for the journey.

"You can have five-and-twenty minutes," Paul agreed with almost too much alacrity. "The Duchess is certain not to be back sooner."

As he gave his employé leave of absence, Miss Lee pushed up her veil and looked straight at Larry O'Hagan. Being what he was—a hired chauffeur—he was not in her world; yet he was either dreaming, or else the girl's eyes were saying: "Don't go and leave me all alone with Baron Paul."

Perhaps he deceived himself; still, he could not abandon her. For a moment he thought of remaining in the garage till the Duchess arrived, no matter what might happen. But Fox-face was growing impatient; and the best that Larry could do was to thank the Baron, and say he would return in half the time that had been granted. Also, he instructed a young man to busy himself in lubricating the motor, already shining with oil, and not to leave the car until he should come back. A few words spoken aloud to this youth in French unostentatiously informed the Baron that attempts at private conversation in that language would be useless. And then Larry hurried off to the modest Meranerhof just round the corner, where he had put up since arriving at Innsbruck. Fox-face kept pace with him, step by step, but neither spoke.

The Austrian was perhaps deciding how to dispose of his money when he got it; the Irishman was deciding how to dispose of the Austrian; and by the time they had reached the door of the hotel each one had made a mental arrangement which gave him hope of satisfaction.

"I'm going away as soon as we've settled matters," announced Larry, "so before taking you to my room I'll ask for my bill, pay it, and tell them to send the change upstairs. When I get the money I shall be ready to deal with you."

Fox-face made no objection to this programme, though he listened intently to each word spoken by his companion to the landlord in the dark little *bureau*, and tried to see the denomination of the bank-note for which his victim demanded change. This by Larry's manœuvring he was not able to do; and he followed his guide uncomplainingly up the narrow stairs, no doubt telling himself that, as the waiter might come to the door at any moment, at least he was in no danger of personal violence.

Larry's room was at the end of a passage on the second floor of the dingy old house with its stone floors and thick walls. It was furnished in the simplest way, but it was neat, and there was a view of distant mountains from the one small window.

"Sit down till the money comes, and I'll begin my packing," said Larry cheerfully.

Fox-face sat down, and Larry bustled about, collecting his things and putting them into the cheap suit-case he had bought at Toblach. There were not many, but the clothing, such as it was, hung in a wardrobe built into the wall, and ventilated by a miniature window as big as a man's hand. Larry had to bend his head to go



Maria Theresen Strasse, Innsbruck.

would shout for the police, and car and chauffeur might be detained.

Fox-face was taking in the scene with his sharp eyes, since his ears were not attuned to French, and his glances darted from Larry to the Baron, from the Baron to

the two veiled ladies. But he said nothing; he still waited, on the chance of obtaining very easily the sum of eight hundred gulden; and he had the concentration of a cat that watches a mouse, always ready, though biding its time to spring.

Soon the *Einspanner* came for the Duchess, and she went away in it, after a last pat on the shoulder of Mona Lee. Paul joined the girl, and talked to her earnestly in a low voice. She listened, her head bowed, and her hands nervously clasping and unclasping each other. But suddenly she broke away from her companion, and came to the Daimler, where Larry was busily disposing of a store of petrol.

"I've been walking and standing so long," she explained, "that I find I'm very tired. May I sit in the car till it's time to go?"

in, and Fox-face heard him whistling there, in semi-darkness, until footsteps sounded in the corridor. Then he appeared again, and by the time the expected knock came at the door the bag was packed and ready to be closed.

An elderly waiter had brought the receipted hotel bill and change on a tray. Larry took both, putting his broad shoulders between Fox-face and the servant, that the Watcher might not see the few scattered coins of silver and copper. He tipped the waiter, put the money in his pocket and closed the door.

"Now," he said pleasantly, "we'll square our account."

His hand was still in his hip pocket, and drawing it out with a sudden, quick movement, it was a revolver he produced, not a roll of bank notes.

The Watcher sprang up, his jaw falling, his hand moving towards his hip. "Keep still," said Larry, "and keep your mouth shut. I don't want to hurt you, though a blackmailer like you deserves anything; but if you want to get out of this with a whole skin, do exactly as I tell you to do, and nothing else. Now, step back into that wardrobe. I'm going to lock you in and leave you there to think of your sins. In with you—I've no time to waste."

Fox-face backed before the revolver which covered the region of his heart. As he bent his head to avoid the low door-frame, Larry gave him an unexpected push and sent him sprawling. Before he could recover himself or dare cry out, lest a bullet find him through the door, the key was turned and withdrawn. The next instant Larry's un-

loaded and perfectly harmless revolver was in its owner's pocket again, the packed suitcase was in his hand, and the door of the room was being locked on the outside.

As Larry walked with long strides down the corridor, he heard the voice of the prisoner, but it sounded muffled and distant behind thick walls and solid old-fashioned doors. There were not too many servants in the house, and it would be some time before the cries, when heard, would be traced; and it would be longer still before Fox-face was released, as Larry intended to keep the keys, and the landlord would not let his good locks be broken, when a smith might easily be summoned. Having settled the bill, Larry was free to walk out of the hotel with his luggage, which he did as quietly as if his packing had been conducted without incident. It was only when he reached the corner that he ventured to hurry, and then he made up for lost time, since every minute counted.

The chances were that the Watcher would remain in undisturbed possession of his wardrobe until the chamber-maid was sent to change the bed-linen, which would be in an hour at latest, for it was the beginning of the "high season," and every room was in request. At worst for himself, Fox-face was in no danger; but at worst for Larry, the man might be released prematurely; and before that misfortune, the Daimler and her chauffeur must be out of Innsbruck.

"In for a penny, in for a pound," was the air he whistled on his swift way back to the garage; but he whistled ruefully, and it seemed to him that the path of the motor-thief was more difficult than any *pave* he had yet encountered.

He had been given twenty-five minutes, and he had taken but fifteen. At the garage all was as he had left it—so far as the eye could see. Mona and Baron Paul sat in the car. Paul was talking; Mona was listening;

the young man commanded to lubricate was lubricating. Nothing could have happened. And yet—either Larry's nerves were sensitive, or there was a tingle of electricity in the air.

Paul had been speaking English, an accomplishment which Larry had not known that he possessed; so after all the lubricating had been in vain; and Mona looked anxious. Was she merely eager to get off, or had Baron Paul been making her uncomfortable? Baron Paul's chauffeur was impertinent enough to want to know.

Hardly had he stowed away his luggage, when the Duchess arrived with that of the three passengers.

"Well?" asked Mona, in a strained voice.

"I think it's well," answered her friend.

"You saw *him* again?"

"Yes; but at a distance. Standing in front of the Tirolerhof."

"How thankful I am we didn't stop there!"

It had been in his mind to wire Tom Petrie each time he changed his address, so that the Phantoms, if they materialised, need not be tortured by suspense as to the fate of the rescued Daimler. But even if he had had time to spare before leaving Innsbruck, he would not have kept to this plan. For the first time his own interests—or Mona Lee's, which were beginning to mean to him more than his own—clashed with those of his unknown employers, and crushed them into insignificance. For the first time he did not want to know where the Ransomes were: he did not want the Ransomes to know where he was.

Mona Lee was in trouble. She had had a shock, and for some reason she was desperately anxious to turn her back on Innsbruck. Even had a telegram from Major Ransome been handed to Larry O'Hagan at the moment of starting, ordering him to bring the Daimler instantly to some place specified, he would have disobeyed the summons. The car was the Ransomes' car, and he had snatched it from too eager creditors for their sakes and not for his own. But now no call from them could have caused him to desert Mona Lee, who had even less right

to the car than had the injured Herr Werner. When he drove out of the garage at Mestre, Larry had the conscience of a misjudged angel. But, dashing away from the garage at Innsbruck, he had the conscience of a highwayman.

Let the Ransomes rage. Mona Lee needed him, and until she needed him no longer, he, and she, and the Daimler with its other passengers, would disappear into space.

CHAPTER VI.

NOTICE TO GO.

Already the day was fading into dusk when the Daimler slipped stealthily out of Innsbruck, dodging main streets and twisting through byeways to leap at last into the valley of the Inn.

It was the mysterious "something" that had happened, which necessitated this twilight flitting; and it stirred Larry to some emotion deeper than curiosity that Mona Lee should be concerned in the mystery. The glory of the full moon,

At Maximilian's Tomb.

as it rose over the rocky height of the Martinswand and silvered the blue dusk, thrilled him like the music of a church organ heard at night. His situation, with all its irritating and sordid difficulties, suddenly attained in his eyes the height of a romantic adventure. He regretted nothing in the past, dreaded nothing in the future. Of course it was impossible that he and this girl with the wonderful eyes should ever be anything to each other, or that she would think of the Baron's hired chauffeur in any personal way; but he knew that he loved her, and because she was near him he was happy—just for to-night.

By this time Fox-face had no doubt been let out of prison, and had done all the mischief he could do. But, Larry asked himself, what would it amount to? Before long, the car must pass over the frontier into Germany, and would be moving about from day to day among small towns whose inhabitants did not know one make of automobile from another, even if such an advertisement as had appeared in Innsbruck should find its way into their newspapers. In any case, Herr Werner had no rights over the Daimler; and now that the passengers in the car, as well as the chauffeur, had



"Ah, Paul and I are too wise protectors for that. Mona is safe with us, isn't she?"

"I have been talking to her about that while you were gone," Paul answered. "I have proposed a plan."

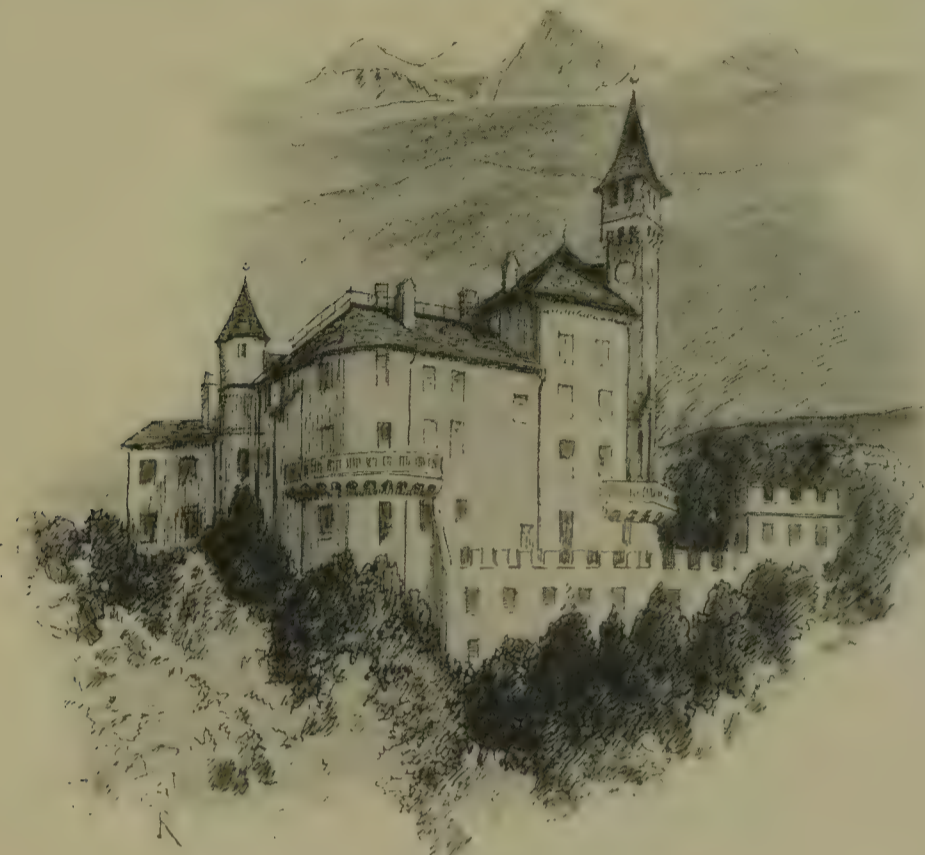
"Ah, it is sure to be a good one! You are so clever, my Paulchen. Have you consented to the plan, dearest Mona?"

"I—I can't consent," faltered the girl. "But don't let us talk of it now. Let us get off as soon as we can. And, if we have to go miles out of our way, don't let us pass the Tirolerhof."

"Or the Meranerhof," echoed Larry, under his breath, as he fastened on the last piece of luggage, and sprang to start the car.

apparently something to run away from, Larry might hope that he was for the moment as necessary to Baron Paul as Baron Paul to him.

Swiftly the Daimler ran through the flower-carpeted valley, where was no sound save the purr of her engine and the song of the river. Nobody spoke much in the car, and even the Baron was taciturn. Not once did Mona laugh happily, or exclaim in admiration, though the snow-capped mountains were like domes and pinnacles of pearl floating in azure light, and the rippling water of the Inn was spangled with flashing silver.



A famous old Schloss.

At the quaint little town of Telfs they had begun to mount; and having reached the top of the Col, high above the singing of the river and the sweet scents of new-cut grass and growing wild flowers, the car swooped suddenly down a road looped along the mountain side, a road of quick turns and descents so steep that here and there the car seemed to be sliding down a wall. The start had been made so late that, once well outside Innsbruck, they had met few vehicles, and since Telfs (where Larry had lit his lamps), none at all. He was coasting down slope after slope, tooting the horn perfunctorily at each curve, when, rounding a sharp corner, he came upon a belated cart, loaded heavily with wood. A peasant, roused from a comfortable doze on his rug of sacking, sat up and shouted, wildly gathering in his reins. The horse had been plodding stolidly along on the wrong side of the road, and as his master slept, the horn of the automobile had sounded its warning in vain. Larry, with quick presence of mind and unerring skill, avoided a collision, and swept past the cart with a few inches of the steep road to spare; but a yell from behind caused him to put on the brakes and instantly slow down the car.

One look thrown over his shoulder showed him the horse rearing and plunging, backing the heavy wagon dangerously near the precipice, while the driver struggled to extricate himself from his sacking, and jump out.

"Don't stop!" cried the Baron. "It was the fool's own fault; but we can't prove that, and he may make us trouble. Push on—push on, I tell you! We can't risk anything for a stupid peasant."

But Larry did not push on. Instead of obeying, he stopped the motor, and sprang out into the road. "Only brutes would go on and leave the poor wretch to be killed!" he exclaimed indignantly. Running back, he seized the frantic horse by the bridle, and tried to drag it to safety. But the heavy cart had slipped down the crown of the road, and the great weight of piled wood was drawing it nearer and nearer to the precipice. The carter, rolled in a tangle of sacking, and perhaps half drunk, was now as mad with fear as the terrified horse, which he lashed fiercely with his whip. In vain the exertion of Larry's strength. If he let go the animal's head, it would instantly back the cart over the precipice; but, pull as he might, the wagon was still yielding inch by inch.

"Out with you, before he has you over the cliff!" he yelled to the driver. "Fall out—if you can't get out in any other way—and put a stone behind the wheel. Quick! or you'll be too late!"

The man did not hear, or was too dazed to understand, and Larry was making his last desperate effort when suddenly he felt the strain relaxed. The sliding wheels were arrested; the cart held firm on the brink of the precipice; and relieved of the weight at its

back, the horse ceased to plunge so perilously. A few soothing words and pats on the shoulder, and it was ready to obey the hand on its bridle. A great tug or two, and Larry had pulled the quivering beast up the hill, thus righting the loaded wagon and ending the danger.

"Now, go on your way, and keep to your right side after this," he advised the carter. "Be thankful you're not in the next world."

"No thanks to you," called the peasant brutally. "If it hadn't been for you, there'd have been no accident. I wish you and your cursed automobile had gone over the mountain side."

Larry, whose shin was aching from the kick of an iron-shod hoof, laughed rather bitterly as he turned away to go back to the car, there perhaps to receive another rebuff. But, thus turning, he came face to face with Mona Lee, who was standing in the road, her hands clasped against her breast. "Thank Heaven you're safe!" she panted. "I thought for a moment you would all go over the cliff together."

"A miracle saved the horse and cart," said Larry. And then the bright moonlight showed him a large stone placed against a small, jagged point of rock on the edge of the precipice.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed. "That's

what held the wheel back. I didn't know it was there."

"I ran and got it and put it there," said Mona, her voice trembling suspiciously, now that all danger was ended.

"You!" echoed Larry. "You might have been knocked down by the cart and dashed over the cliff."

"I didn't care," the girl answered. "It was the only thing to be done, and—no one else would do it. You were so brave, you inspired me."

"You are the pluckiest girl I ever saw," said Larry.

"You forget yourself, Laurence," cut in Baron Paul sharply. "That is not the way for a chauffeur to speak to a lady, no matter how brave she may be. If Miss Lee had been killed, it would have been your fault for presuming to disobey my orders."

Quick as light, Mona turned on him. So insignificant had he seemed in this situation that neither had seen him, though he stood close behind Mona and facing Larry.

"Baron," the girl flashed at him with the keenness of a knife-blade, "allow me to judge if I am addressed properly. I thank you for your praise of me, Mr. Laurence, which is the more valuable because you are the pluckiest man I ever saw. And if you had obeyed the Baron's orders I should have despised you, instead of being proud that we're both Irish."

Paul stepped back as if she had boxed his ears, and Larry could see that the blood streamed up to his forehead, receding slowly, to leave him livid in the moonlight. He bit his lip, thus crushing back the angry words that must have burned his tongue, and Larry almost respected the man's self-restraint as he bowed in stiff, soldierly fashion, standing aside to let Mona pass to the car.

"It was for your sake that I wished to hurry on, no matter what happened to others," he

said, in a tone of suppressed rage which might pass for reproach. "When you are in danger I think of nothing else. Perhaps you are ready to go, now?"

Without a word Mona went past him, and climbed into her place before he had time to help her.

"Start the motor and get on as quickly as you can," directed Baron Paul, for the pleasure of giving a sharp order to his chauffeur, though already Larry had touched the starting-handle.

While tingling with joy at the girl's praise, and her defence of him, Larry feared the result of the incident. His car was necessary to the Baron, it was true; still, the man's pride had been touched to the quick, and Larry knew well that, if Paul could drive the Daimler, he would delight in seeing the chauffeur struck by lightning or killed in any other sudden, non-contagious way, at this moment. The good-looking Austrian was passionate, conceited, and vindictive if his vanity were wounded, or so Larry judged him: and he would writhe if forced to keep on a chauffeur whose courage and whose rights as a gentleman had been upheld by a girl at his expense.

"If the Baron and his sister can think of any other way out of their difficulties," Larry thought, as he drove on, "they'll send me packing to-morrow."

Silence unbroken reigned in the car until the beginning of the Fern Pass was reached. There, as if to mark the opening of the way, stood a charming little inn, under an arbour of trees, and looking down upon twin lakes, blue as forget-me-nots even in the moonlight.

"We will stop here for food," the Baron announced shortly to his chauffeur.

It was late, yet if Larry were hungry, he did not know it. The others went into the hotel, but the chauffeur remained outside with his car, and ate *Zwieback* and drank thin, white wine of the country at one of the small tables ranged before the door.

The three passengers were away for some time, a longer time than seemed necessary to Larry, since they were professedly eager to push on. Three quarters of an hour passed: then an hour: but at last Baron Paul von Waldern came out alone.

"I wish to speak to you," he said.

Larry had been pacing up and down in the moonlight, smoking a cigarette. He stopped, the cigarette in his hand.

"Throw that away when you talk to me," the Baron ordered imperiously. "You do not understand your position."

Larry retained his cigarette, and puffed at it once, to keep it alight, before answering. "I think I do understand my position, and yours too," he said.



A man stepped forward.

"You are insolent," exclaimed Baron Paul von Waldern. "But, after all, what does it matter? Ladies are near. Because of them, and lest they should be disturbed, I shall let you off more lightly than you

prevent her from escaping, unless she would consent to make them her Providence?

Larry, still without speaking, took down the luggage of Miss Mona Lee, the luggage of the Duchesse de

conclusion was that the Baron and the two ladies intended to stop here for the night. In that case, the ladies would most probably not appear again, and it would be useless to wait in the cold moonlight hoping to speak with one of them. Still, Larry lingered, and made no preparations for going on, or for putting up the Daimler, although he had now extinguished her lamps.

Supposing Miss Lee should come out, he wanted to be on the spot to see her.

"Do you wish for anything more, Sir?" asked a hovering waiter, who had come out from the inn.

"Thank you; no," Larry replied absent-mindedly.

"The patron will be glad to know, Sir, if you will remain in the hotel for the night?"

This brought Larry to himself.

"If I do decide to stop, have you a place for my car?"

"We have a place that would do very well, Sir."

"Can you tell me if Baron von Waldern and the ladies are staying all night?" (Larry laid a gulden on the table.)

"I think they have not settled yet. They are still in the room where they dined, and I heard them discussing plans as I waited upon them. There is some idea that, if the patron can get them a carriage, they will go on to-night to Füssen."

"You might let me know what is finally decided," said Larry, as the waiter, having pocketed the gulden (little guessing how few there were where it came from), picked up the tray containing wine-bottle, glass and plate.

"So that's the idea, is it?" Larry repeated to himself, when he was once more alone in the moonlight. "If I go, the Baron will stay. If I stay, he will go. Well, if his decision depends on mine, he'll have some difficulty in making it, for I shall let my movements depend on his."

Larry was conscious that, if he chose to dwell upon it, a lively element of comedy now leavened the situation; but he was in love, and he was miserable, therefore his sense of humour sat in darkness, and would not see.

Restless and uneasy, not sure whether he were merely a fool, or the loyal servant of a lady, he left his place by the table, and strolled gloomily about, never going quite out of sight from the hotel.

The road, which now became the Fern Pass, was like the road to Eden. Arched over with trees, moonlight and shadow paved it with black and white marble. The air smelt of young leaves, new-mown grass, and lilac blossoms. What a night for lovers, if they were happy lovers! thought Larry, throwing himself on a shadowed mound of velvet moss, where from under

(Continued on page 1017.)



To the modest Meranerhof round the corner.

deserve after your behaviour. You have had your money by the day, at the end of each day, as it fell due. Here are your wages up to to-night, and I discharge you now at a moment's notice, as I have every right to do after your disobedience and impertinence."

Larry's heart grew chill, in all the heat of his anger. It was as he had feared. He was to lose the girl. He was to be denied another sight of her.

They were standing by the car, and Paul flung on to the driver's seat a little folded wad of paper which might contain a few gold coins. Larry took no notice of it. He had not many shillings; but money was the last thing he thought of now—especially von Waldern money.

His first impulse was to start the Daimler at once, and drive off in her, without a word, without turning round; but he had forgotten his passengers' luggage, and the fact that it had not been taken down. Remembering, his next idea was to unload it as quickly as possible; but as his eyes fell on the modest dressing-bag and small box which were Mona's, his heart contracted.

Only this afternoon her eyes had said to him—or he had fancied it—"Don't leave me alone with Baron Paul." Since then, a thing had happened which might make the girl less partial to Paul's society than she had been. As for the Duchess, she was her brother's ally, and would not hesitate to sacrifice her friend for him. Indeed, all Larry knew or guessed of the circumstances led him to believe that the friend had been brought upon the scene solely for the brother's sake. They were both Austrians, in their own country. Mona Lee was a foreigner, in a strange land which she had never visited before. She was in some difficulty or trouble, and had no protection here, save theirs. She was even at their mercy, so far as a girl of so much pluck and character could be at the mercy of others. What if she did not know that the man she had claimed as her "countryman" was being sent away, and what if she should feel herself deserted, when she found him gone with the Daimler in which she had so delighted?

Larry was half ashamed of this thought, lest it should spring from a flicker of vanity, scotched, not killed, by all his misfortunes. The girl was with friends. He was only their chauffeur, though she had been kind to him. Nothing could alter that; and yet, the thought would not go.

What if this sending away the car were the result of a hasty plan made by brother and sister, with their heads together in secret conclave? What if this lonely, though charming, spot in the mountains had seemed to them especially promising now that Mona wished to escape from someone at Innsbruck? What if they wished to

Rocheverte, and the luggage of the Baron Paul von Waldern. Then, he seated himself in a chair by the table he had lately left, and lighted another cigarette from his case.

"I have told you to go. Why don't you go?" inquired the Baron.

"You told me that you no longer wanted to engage me and my car," said Larry. "Having told me that, you have forfeited the right to tell me anything more. I am my own master now, and for the present I prefer remaining here to going further."

"I don't intend to be persecuted by a discharged servant, I warn you!" exclaimed the Baron, giving way to his full fury, since he had now nothing to gain by being civil to the cheap chauffeur.

"Really?" said Larry. And he laughed. "If I annoy you, why don't you go indoors?"

The Austrian uttered a German word which is appalling on its native heath, though it might be used in drawing-rooms in England. As it burst from him, he took a step forward as if to strike the other. But as Larry, remaining seated, looked up at him calmly, a second thought arrested him before it was too late. He turned his back upon his late chauffeur and walked into the house.

CHAPTER VII.

GOOD ADVICE.

Larry looked at his watch, which was a valuable one, and capable of being used in certain emergencies for other purposes than to tell the time. He might be glad by-and-by to put it to such uses, as he told himself now with a grim smile; but at the moment it was the hour of which he thought.

It was half-past nine, and the only reasonable



Into the wardrobe.

THE WORK OF THE GREATEST FRENCH ETCHER.—NEW SERIES.

DRY-POINT BY PAUL HELLEU.



No. IX.: "MISS A."

The British copyright of this famous series is the property of "The Illustrated London News."

OXFORD'S HISTORY IN LIVING PICTURES: SCENES FROM THE PAGEANT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GILLMAN.



Characters from the masque played before Henry VIII & Wolsey



St Frideswide starts on her journey
to found an Abbey at Oxford



Friar Bacon exhibits his Brazen Head

The Oxford Pageant opened on June 27 on a great arena which has been constructed in the Magdalen cricket ground. The pageant outlines the history of the city and the University from the founding of the Abbey of St. Frideswide on the site of Christ Church about the year A.D. 727, down to the expulsion of the Fellows of Magdalen in 1687. The episodes have been written by Mr. Laurence Housman, Mr. Robert Bridges, Mr. Laurence Binyon, Mr. Walter Raleigh, Mr. C. Oman, Mr. A. D. Godley, Mr. J. B. G. Fagan, Miss Elizabeth Wordsworth, and Mr. Stanley Weyman.

Illustrated London News Supplement.

FROM THE GREAT BRITISH GALLERIES :

THE WALKER ART GALLERY, LIVERPOOL.



A CORNISH IDYLL.

From the Painting by Walter Langley.

TUDOR AND STUART OXFORD REVIVED IN THE PAGEANT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GILLMAN.



Characters from the rout of Folly in the masque of Mediæval Learning.



The arrival of King Charles I. in his barge.



Henry VIII. and Catherine of Aragon.

The characters from the rout of Folly appear in the Masque of Mediæval Learning, which forms the first part of the Interlude. The visit of Henry VIII. and Catherine of Aragon to Oxford is reproduced in the second scene of the Interlude. It is followed by the funeral of Amy Robsart, the State progress of Queen Elizabeth, the happy visit of Charles I. to the University in 1636, and his misfortunes during the Civil War. In the border design of this page occurs the seal of St. Frideswide's Priory, the first religious house on the site of Christ Church.



"OFF WITH THE OLD LOVE: ON WITH THE NEW."

DRAWN BY MAX COWPER.

For the drawing of the car in this picture "The Illustrated London News" is indebted to the courtesy of the Fiat Motor Company.

MORE CROWDED THAN EVER: BOULTER'S LOCK ON ASCOT SUNDAY, 1907.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TOPICAL PRESS.



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, JUNE 29, 1907. - 1014

THE CHARING CROSS OF THE RIVER: THE CONGESTION OF CRAFT IN BOULTER'S LOCK.

The weather on Ascot Sunday was not altogether ideal, but there was no diminution in the crowd of pleasure-seekers on the river. Navigation at Boulter's Lock was more difficult than ever. At four o'clock more than fifty punts and skiffs, and a score or launches, were delayed outside the lock gates. The rollers are still unpopular, and people prefer to wait to go through the lock rather than haul their boat over.

OXFORD'S HONOUR TO GENERAL BOOTH: THE NEW D.C.L. AND HIS WORLD-WIDE ARMY.



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, JUNE 29, 1907.—1015

GENERAL BOOTH AND REPRESENTATIVES OF HIS "SOLDIERS" FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

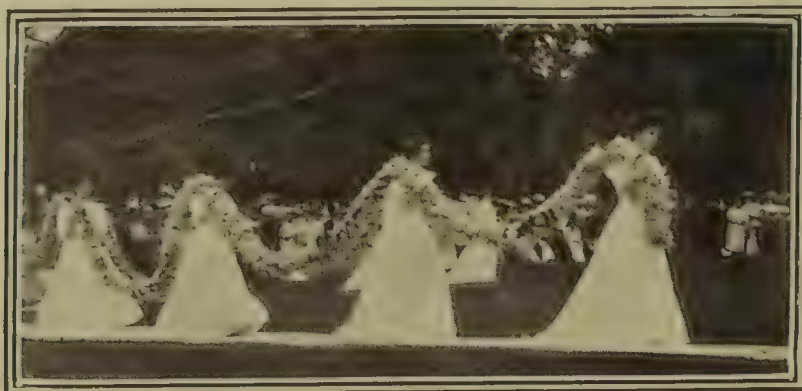
On June 26, at the Encenia at Oxford, General Booth was to receive the degree of D.C.L. from the University. The General has just returned from a tour in Japan, during which he was received by the Emperor, who expressed his deep sympathy with the work the Salvation Army is doing for social regeneration. His Imperial Majesty thanked General Booth especially for what the Salvation Army had done in Japan. The nationalities represented are: (1) Germany, (2) Japan, (3) Alaska, (4) Japan, (5) Canada, (6) Denmark, (7) Belgium, (8) Red Indian, (9) Zulu, (10) Sweden, (11) Belgium, (12) Bermuda, (13) Japan, (14) Mexico, (15) Canada, (16) Africa.

ELEVEN WINDOWS LOOKING OUT ON THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.



THE RECORD-BREAKER FOR THE WALK TO BRIGHTON AND BACK.

On June 22 the Surrey Walking Club held their walk to Brighton and back. Mr. T. E. Hammond, of the London Stock Exchange, did the 104½ miles in 18 hours, 47 seconds.



A DAISY CHAIN SIXTY-SIX FEET LONG; A VASSAR GRADUATION CEREMONY.

At the last graduation of Vassar College, the famous college for girls in New York, the girls made a daisy chain sixty-six feet long. It was so heavy that the girls who carried it had to wear cushions on their shoulders. All the chain-bearers were chosen for their beauty.



A FLYING CAR: JARROTT ON HIS 120-H.P. CAR AT SALTBURN.

The Yorkshire Automobile Club held its annual speed trials on June 22 on the sands between Redcar and Saltburn. Mr. Jarrott was photographed going at top speed.



1. MASSEY PLAYING THE TOP HOLE.
4. THE CHAMPION'S FORM.

2. MASSEY RECEIVING THE CUP FROM PROFESSOR PATTERSON.

3. MASSEY DRIVING.
5. THE CROWD AT THE TURN.

A FRENCHMAN WINS THE GOLF OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP: ARNAUD MASSEY'S VICTORY AT HOYLAKE.

On June 21 at Hoylake, Arnaud Massey, the French competitor, won the Golf Open Championship. The issue lay between him and Taylor, whom he beat by two strokes. In the final round Massey's score was 77 to Taylor's 80. Their totals for the four rounds were: Massey, 312, Taylor, 314. Massey learnt his golf at North Berwick. He is now the professional to the Société de Golf de Paris.—[PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL ILLUSTRATIONS COMPANY.]



KING ALFONSO, IN HIS SHIRT-SLEEVES, RECEIVING HIS PRIME MINISTER.

The Spanish Royal Family have gone to their country place at La Granja, where the King is enjoying every kind of field sport. Señor Maura recently called on the King and was received by his Majesty in his shirt-sleeves.



THE QUEEN OF SPAIN REAPPEARS IN PUBLIC: HER MAJESTY AT THE RAILWAY STATION.

On June 6 the King and Queen of Spain, with the infant Prince, left Madrid for Segovia en route for La Granja. Just before the train started her Majesty appeared at the window of the saloon with the Prince of Asturias in her arms.



A GOLFING MONARCH: KING ALFONSO ON THE GREEN.

The King of Spain is an enthusiastic golfer, but his handicap is not recorded. His Majesty is, however, so good an all-round sportsman that he can give any average player a good game.

low-hanging tree branches he could look down on a moonlit mirror of water.

There was no sound here except the occasional rustle and stir of a bird in its hidden nest overhead, until suddenly came footsteps and voices. Looking up, Larry saw Mona Lee and the Duchess visible for a moment in a white space of moonlight, then engulfed in shadow, though they were coming towards him, bareheaded, the arm of the Duchess round Mona's waist.

"My darling, it's the one way out of it, and you were made for each other," said Emmilie. "Trust me; you know nothing of love. You're a child. But he worships you, and would soon teach you to love him."

"I may not know much, but I've thought a good deal," answered Mona. "I'm most awfully sorry to grieve you, Emmie, or hurt your brother's feelings. He's very handsome, and perhaps if I were Austrian I should fall in love with him; but I'm Irish and English, and—I'm sure we *weren't* made for each other."

"You would have one of the oldest titles in Austria, and one of the most beautiful castles in the world. My brother has twenty-four quarterings, and you would be a *persona grata* at Court."

"I don't think I care much about titles and castles," said Mona.

"That's nonsense. Of course you care. All normal women care. Dearest child, you know what the alternative is, if you don't promise to marry my brother, who adores you."

"I can't be forced into either thing."

"*Les convenances* will force you. You can't go on as you are now, spending every hour in poor Paul's society, if you're determined to refuse him in the end. It would be too cruel. It would kill him; no man could stand it."

"I know—oh, I know! And I want to go away. How could I dream things would turn out like this? I only met your brother a few days ago."

"The men of my family always fall in love at first sight."

"I wish they didn't then. Oh, Emmilie, I'm horribly sorry about everything; but couldn't you take me away?"

"My dear, it's impossible. I had to promise my husband that I would go straight to my brother, and never leave Paul till Gilbert was able to come for me, otherwise I shouldn't have been allowed to leave home in Gilbert's absence."

Long ago Larry had jumped up, and had started to walk towards the two ladies along the moonlight-dappled road; but, though even in this deeply shadowed spot they must have noticed a moving figure, they continued their conversation. If he had not seen them for an instant in full moonlight, however, he could not have recognised their faces or figures in this dusky tunnel of branches; therefore it was not to be expected that they should recognise him. They were speaking English; and who in this isolated place could understand a word they were saying?

It was only when he was close upon them, his cap in his hand as he walked, that they woke from their self-absorption and noticed the man who approached. At last they started slightly, and drew closer together, perhaps not even then sure of his identity.

"Let us go back," said the Duchess, trying to turn her companion round.

"Why, it's Mr. Laurence!" exclaimed Mona. "I thought you had gone away." There was surprise, and—it seemed to Larry—something like resentment in her tone.

"Then you can't have seen the car," said Larry, pausing as she paused, though the Duchess urged

her on, "or you would have guessed that I wasn't far off."

"It's not in front of the hotel."

"I pushed her a little out of the way, after the Baron gave me my discharge, and my plans became rather vague."

"Come, Mona, you must come. It's late. Paul wouldn't like us to be here without him," insisted Emmilie.

But the girl still resisted. "Gave you your discharge!" she echoed. "Why, he told us—me—that you had simply refused to go on, after what happened this evening, and that you'd left us all in the lurch. He's with the landlord now, arranging about a carriage and horses."

"You believed that I would do a thing like that!" the reproach was wrung from Larry.

until I was sure that—that it was the wish of everybody not to travel with me."

"You refused to leave? Oh, thank you for that. It was nice and—*Irish* of you."

"I am going indoors at once," said the Duchesse de Rocheverte icily, though her voice trembled with rage. "I will not stay here another instant to hear lies against my brother; and unless you come with me, Mona, I shall consider that you are no longer my friend. As for you, Sir, I speak for us all. You may take it from me that we do not want to see either you or your car again."

"I shall not leave him like that!" cried Mona, flashing into anger and caring for nothing except her own injured sense of justice. "Your brother has behaved abominably. If it had not been for Mr. Laurence refusing to obey him to-night, we should have been murderers. I can never, never feel the same towards the Baron again."

"Very well. Go your own way, then. I wash my hands of you," exclaimed the Duchess, throwing out her hands in a magnificent gesture of indignation. She swept towards the hotel, her head held high: and Mona was left alone with Larry.

"Miss Lee, you have been more than good to me," he stammered, "and I can't express what I feel for you" (it was true that he could not) "but you mustn't alienate your only friend here. Just let me say 'good-bye' to you, and then follow her—"

"I can't," broke in Mona. "Didn't you hear her tell me to go my own way? Didn't you hear her say that she washed her hands of me?"

"She doesn't mean it," Larry assured her, though in his heart he thought the Duchess a minx and a vixen, and a defence of her stuck in his throat. "She's angry with me, naturally, and—"

"She's still angrier with me," the girl interrupted again.

"You—you won't think it very strange and horrid of me to talk with you about such things, will you?—because we're both from the same country and in a foreign land. But—did you happen to hear any of the things Emmilie and I were saying to each other just before you came up?"

"I came up because I didn't want to hear things not meant for my ears," answered Larry. "However, I couldn't help catching a few words."

"Then you know—"

"Very little more than I had already seen."

Even chauffeurs do see things—"

"As if you were like other chauffeurs!"

"What makes you think I am different?"

"You're a gentleman."

"Gentlemen chauffeurs are thick as blackberries nowadays. That's what becomes of half the young men

who fail in their exams for the Army."

"You're not the kind of man to fail in anything; you set out to do."

"I'm worse than a failure—I'm almost a fraud," said Larry bitterly.

"I don't believe that, Mr. Laurence."

"My name isn't Laurence—at least, it isn't my surname," Larry went on, spurred to a terrible frankness.

"For the matter of that, my name isn't Lee," said Mona. "Now, I suppose if I could see your face, I should see you looking very surprised—and shocked."

Larry laughed. "'Shocked' seems a strange word to use in connection with an angel. Do you mind my calling you an angel?"

"I like it," said Mona, "because I know I'm not one. I'm not sure I'm not suffering from remorse. But anyhow, if I've done wrong, I'm being punished. I don't know what's going to become of me. Oh, I *am*



Telfs, where Larry lit his lamps.

"I—it didn't seem like you. Yet you had a right to be angry. I thought the Baron —"

"He discharged me at a moment's notice. Those were his own words."

"Mona!" cried the Duchess. "How can you stand here and listen while a—a servant calumniates my brother? Who ever took a servant's word against a gentleman's?"

"You know very well that Mr. Laurence is a gentleman," said Mona. "And because he was accused of doing what wouldn't have been worthy of him to do, he shall have the chance of explaining. I did think it horribly unkind of you to go off and leave us here on the mountain, when you must have guessed—you must have heard—how anxious I—we were to get on."

"That is why I refused to go when the Baron discharged me," replied Larry. "I couldn't force him to keep me in his service, but I wouldn't leave this place

glad you haven't gone. I felt so abandoned—among foreigners. I should like to tell you a few things, and ask your advice. Will you give it me?"

Would he give it to her? If he had had a kingdom, he would joyfully have given her, not half, but all of his possessions.

"There's nothing I wouldn't do for you," he said, in a voice that was rather choked, because it is difficult for a man who is hopelessly in love with a girl to say exactly the right thing, and not too much.

"Well, I'm in the most horrible scrape," went on Mona, "and although I'm quite old—I've had my twentieth birthday—I've always been kept back so, never being allowed to leave school, that I haven't had enough experience of the world to know what I ought to do to get out of the scrape."

"It's the Duchess's business to get you out of it," said Larry. "She's your chaperon."

"I'm afraid it's she who has got me into it," sighed Mona, "though, of course, it's partly my own fault. I was awfully unhappy, because I was going to be forced to live with very uncongenial people whom I don't like; and besides, there was a perfectly horrid young man whom I knew they wanted me to marry. Of course, they couldn't make me do it. I'm not so childish as that. But, as he is always with them, my life could be made very disagreeable. I hated the thought of it—and one day Emmilie— who used to be in

my school until she married three years ago—came to see me. She said if she were in my place she'd slip off and hide somewhere till she was of age, as I didn't owe these guardians of mine any love or gratitude, but rather the other way round. When I asked where could I hide, she invited me to stop with her; and she offered to arrange everything so that I might escape without anyone being able to find me. I'd always admired Emmilie, who used to be very nice to me when I was one of the little girls and she was one of the big ones, at school. I thought it would be tremendously exciting to run away, and great fun to be with her; but she didn't tell me then that she was expecting to stay with her brother in Austria. I supposed we were going to be in her own home, and I sent away the maid who'd been engaged for me, with a lot of money to keep her quiet, because Emmilie said that a maid might be a bother. When I did hear the real plans, it was too late for me to draw back, even if I'd wanted too; but I didn't want to. Emmie described her brother, and his castle where we were to stay, and they both seemed ideal.

"I didn't even mind very much when we got to Toblach, and the Baron met us with the news that his château was being repaired. He said he'd sent for his motor-car, and that he'd take us for a tour. Afterwards, perhaps, Schloss Waldberg might be ready. It all sounded too delightful, though I was a little frightened, because my guardians might be not so very far away. However, Emmilie and her brother both said we wouldn't go anywhere near them; and as I've never done any motoring before, I was enchanted with everything.

"But that was just at first. Of course, I'd never had a chance to meet any young men, except the horrid one I told you about who was sent to my school to see me, bringing presents from his people. For a day or two I didn't quite know what to make of Emmilie's

brother, but soon—soon I saw—it's difficult to explain, isn't it?"

"Don't trouble to explain. I saw too; and I guessed you didn't like it," said Larry.

"I hated it. I suppose it's natural to foreign men to pay girls stupid compliments every minute, and that sort of thing; but it isn't my way to like them. And then—to-day in Innsbruck, after we'd got back from our excursion, we were walking, when on the other side of the road, near one of the big hotels, I saw the very last person on earth I wanted to see: the man I'd run away from. I hoped he didn't see me, and I instantly let down my thick veil; but I couldn't be sure he hadn't. And, besides, why was he in Innsbruck if he hadn't discovered that I was there? I felt his people must have found out, somehow, and the one thing I wanted was to get away as quickly as I could.

"That was why we flew to the garage in such a

"Yet you must have been having anxieties too?"

"They were nothing."

Rather than seem curious she went on: "Well, it seemed ages before you got back. I began to realise that I shouldn't be able to go on as I had been going, for I *couldn't* marry Baron Paul. It would have been almost as bad—though not quite—as marrying the other one. But I did hope to make Emmilie see things in my way; and I thought, as she'd advised me to leave everything, she might leave her brother, and see me through."

"And so she will—so she must," said Larry.

"No. And even if she would, I'd refuse to have her. She's been plotting and scheming with Baron Paul. Always, she has meant this. She doesn't care for me, really—I see that now. She will sacrifice me for her brother, in spite of all her promises. Do advise me what to do. I can't stay with Emmilie. I won't live with my guardians. I can't go back to school, for if I did they would come and take me out. And I've no near relations, no intimate friends except the girls at school."

"You must have a chaperon," Larry insisted. "I think you will have to stay with the Duchesse de

Rocheverte until someone—some nice, kind old lady, perhaps—can be found to look after you. In common decency, the Baron can't persecute you when he understands your position.

"Do you know, I think the more he understands, the more he'll try to persecute," the girl said, sighing. "But I suppose you must be right. Only, how can I make it up with Emmilie, in spite of all?"

"It is for her to be ashamed, not you," Larry tried to console her, though his heart was sad. "Don't delay. The sooner it's over, the better."

"Good-bye, then, and thank you. You have been very good."

"Good?" He would not trust himself to say more.

She put out her hand, and he held it tightly for an

instant. When he was sure of himself again, he spoke. "I won't leave this, you know, until I'm sure you're all right, because—somehow—I might be of use. Good-bye."

She moved away from him slowly, and he let her go, though it was all he could do to keep from calling her back, from telling her how he loved her, how the light of his life would vanish with her. So he stood, watching the tall, girlish figure until it disappeared.

She called Baron Paul's love "a stupidity," because he had known her for only a few days. What would she say if she could read the heart of the chauffeur, her "countryman," from whom she had asked "good advice"?

CHAPTER VIII.

THE COUP D'ÉTAT OF THE DUCHESS.

Hardly five minutes had passed, and—because to-night seemed the end of all things beautiful—Larry had not



The sliding wheels were arrested: the cart held firm on the brink of the precipice.

hurry, and asked you to get the car ready to start at once. Already Baron Paul had—had proposed. So stupid—when he hardly knew me. It was the night before; and when I said 'No,' he promised to be good, and not bother me, otherwise I couldn't stay on with his sister. But, while we were in the garage, they assured me that if I didn't want to be caught and punished like a child, I had better marry Paul immediately, as soon as the wedding could be arranged."

"I thought that was what they were saying!" Larry broke out.

"Oh, did you? And was that why you told the fat, white youth to oil the car when you had to go out, and I was alone with Baron Paul?"

"Yes. But I wouldn't have gone if it hadn't been absolutely necessary."

"Of course you had to pack."

"I had to lock a brute of a man into a cupboard, and leave him there, or else he would have tried to prevent my taking the car out of Innsbruck."

"How extraordinary!"

"It was a bit quaint; but never mind me and my affairs. It is yours I care about."

begun to think what he would do to-morrow, when Mona's voice called him.

"Mr. Laurence—Mr. Laurence!"

He had told her that he was not "Mr. Laurence." But it was the only name she knew. He could not see her, but the call came from the direction of the hotel, and he obeyed the summons quickly. His thought was that he should find her with the Duchesse de Rocheverte—that she and Emmilie would have "kissed again with tears."

"I hope to heaven she isn't going to make the Duchess apologise to me!" he said to himself. "I couldn't stand that."

But no Duchess was visible. The girl was alone, waiting for him in a silver pool of moonlight, and her face was grave and pale. Her shyness and girlish hesitation were gone now, all suddenly. "They have left me here," she said.

"Impossible!" cried Larry.

"An hour ago I should have thought so too. But they have done it. The Baron was bargaining for a carriage, when Emmilie and I came out, long ago. It must have been ready when she went back to him, furious with me. And you and I were talking very earnestly, or we should have heard the roll of their wheels as they drove off."

"They left no message?"

"Oh, yes; they left a message. It was, that they were going to Füssen, where I could follow them in another carriage if I chose; but that if I didn't come immediately it would be too late, as they would soon be leaving for Toblach by train."

"The brutes!"

"They thought I would have to follow—that I was at their mercy. People like that judge others by themselves."

"They deserve to be—I daren't say what they deserve!"

He was losing his head now, and with a look from her eyes, he lost it completely. As her lashes lifted, two big tears splashed over her pale cheeks, and made him forget everything except his love.

"I'm glad you—didn't desert me!" she half-sobbed.

"Desert you!" he echoed. "Don't you know—don't you see—that there's nothing in the world for me except you? I'm a fool—worse, I'm a beast to tell you so; but I—"

"A beast, to tell me that—that you *care* a little?"

"I love you—I love you!" he stammered. "Now, go quickly into the house, and leave me. Let the landlady know exactly what's happened. Put yourself in her care."

"I won't leave you—yet," said the girl softly. "Not till I tell you that I love you, too."

"My darling! It can't be."

"But I do. It seemed ridiculous that the Baron should begin to say such things, so soon; but—we're different, aren't we? Oh, I was so miserable and now I'm so happy! Nothing can harm me, since you really love me."

"My sweet!" he said. "Poor, innocent child. You don't even know my name."

"I know that you are You. And I think I fell in love with you that first night when you came into Emmilie's sitting-room in the hotel at Toblach."

"I know I fell in love with you as I drove up to the door of the hotel, and saw you standing on the steps. But my dearest one, I had no right to fall in love, still less to speak to you of love. I'm down, very far down, in the world."

"So am I," said Mona. "And I'm all alone in

better than 'shivering' to do, and we won't starve. Besides, some day there'll be money and a place in Ireland coming to me."

"Perhaps I shall have money *some* day, too," Mona admitted, as if reluctantly. "But not too much—oh, don't be afraid of that. I'm so happy. And I'm so glad Emmilie has gone. If she hadn't, maybe you wouldn't have told me."

"It was killing me not to," he said. Then she looked at him again, but this time with a smile even more moving than her tears; and, drawing her into the shadow, he took her in his arms. The One Girl; the girl he loved; the dear girl he had never dreamed of holding thus!

By-and-by he told her things about himself, beginning with his name, and going on to the trouble in the regiment which, until now, he thought had wrecked his life. But if it had not happened, he would never have met her, because—and then he came to the history of his adventure in Venice.

At first she broke in upon him here and there in the story. She assured Larry that he was dearer than ever for what he had suffered, bravely, sacrificing himself for others. She thought that, instead of going down into darkness, he ought to have been led up to the height of a blazing pinnacle. For her, he was a hero. What else mattered?

And so there were some pauses in the history, pauses like flashes of light for Larry. But at last she let him come to the chapter which opened with the name of Ransome. After that beginning she was very still. Her hand in his, she listened in silence, breaking in no more; and because her way of hearing him had been so different at first, Larry was chilled with sudden fear

that her approval of his conduct was changed into contempt.

"Did I do wrong to take the Daimler?" he asked her, almost timidly.

"No," she said; "no. You did the only thing, it seems to me."

"And afterwards. Do you think I had no right to hire myself out with a car that wasn't mine?"

"Oh, no. What else could you do, when you were obliged to have money, or you couldn't have kept the car for its owner?"

"It was the only way that occurred to me; but perhaps I might have hit on something else, if I'd taken more time to think."

"It seemed like Fate—bringing us together," she said. But she spoke slowly, dreamily, as if only half herself were engaged in the thought.

"And the man I locked up? That affair doesn't make you think me a brute?"

"He was what they call a blackmailer, wasn't he?"

And you knew that I wanted to get away from Innsbruck. I'm glad you did it. I'm glad of *everything* you did, that brought you to where we are now—together."

"Yet something must be wrong. You've changed in the last ten minutes."

"Not towards you."

"You're sure?"



"If I annoy you, why don't you go indoors?"

it, except for you. I believe now that we were meant for each other, else we should not have *known* so soon."

"But I'm practically penniless, for the moment, and I've a hideous idea that you're rich. I couldn't take you if you were rich—"

"Oh, I'm not. I'm horribly poor. I've hardly anything except a little jewellery."

"Thank heaven for that. Then, darling, if you love me, and if you can trust me after I've told you all



Fernstein and the Fern Pass.

about myself, there might be a way out of the difficulty."

"There's no 'if.' Tell me the way."

"Would you—marry me?"

"Oh, I should love to!" cried Mona.

"At least, I could protect you; and though I'm in a hole now, I shall get out of it. I shall get something

"Oh, very sure."

"Then why are you different?"

"I'm thinking. You've told me all about yourself, and—I haven't even told you my real name. I don't want to tell it—yet."

Larry laughed. "You'd hardly believe me, but I'd forgotten. You're Mona, aren't you?"

"Yes. But—"

"And you've promised to be Mona O'Hagan as soon as possible. That's the important thing to me. Let the rest go till you want to talk of it. Good heavens, if you knew what I suffered when I thought you were some great heiress, and that I mustn't even think of you from afar!"

"What a contrast between you and Baron Paul! He—hoped I was an heiress."

"He knew you were beautiful, and so do I."

"I shall begin to be beautiful, since I'm happy. Dearest, if anything should part us now!"

that she had seriously compromised herself, and that she ought to thank heaven, fasting, for the noble consideration granted by Paul. This had been the point of view for some hours after arriving at a hotel in Füssen, the destination announced to Mona. And it was still the point of view the next morning at breakfast time, though a great deal more magnanimity would be required.

Each quarter-hour that passed, however, made the outlook more gloomy, and at last the Baron began to twit the Duchess ungratefully upon a false move. She retaliated, and some minutes were wasted in bickering, but presently both saw that their interests were one and could not be divided. Emmilie brought forward the possibility that Mona, in despair at finding herself deserted, might have fallen ill. In that case, she could not have followed her chaperon, even if inclined, and the chaperon might temper justice with mercy, and return for her. Better to forgive than to lose a fortune. This generous resolution was carried out with all possible

"Have they nothing of their own?" A fellow feeling stirred Paul to sympathy—which might prove profitable.

"What's a Major's pay to people who have accustomed themselves to every luxury, and lived like millionaires? Of course Major Ransome married Mrs. Eversleigh for Mona's money, which was hers till the girl came of age, took a husband, or died."

"I'd have suppressed the little beast," remarked the little beast's late declared lover.

"No you wouldn't, for if she dies under age, half the fortune goes to charities and useless things like that. Their hope was to prevent her marrying, or induce her to marry Freddy Ransome, the Major's son, and keep the millions in the family. That's why the mother made Mona stay at school, until Madame de Norval wrote out to India that it was a disgrace for a girl to stop on after twenty; she would be thought a fool, or a *mauvais sujet*. But as for Mona, she would have preferred remaining for ever to living with her stepmother, who, it seems, showed



"Mona!" cried the Duchess.

"Nothing shall," said Larry. Nevertheless he thought of one or two uncomfortable things that might happen.

CHAPTER IX.

A COUNCIL OF WAR.

"We *must* get it back in some way," said the Duchess.

She meant the money spent upon the girl; and she said it when she and Paul had given up hoping that the girl would be frightened into following them.

They had each staked something, but Emmilie's stakes had been made in solid cash. She had been sure that such a *coup d'état* as hers would bring the girl to heel; and the brother and sister had not driven off towards Füssen in one carriage without ascertaining that there would be another at the service of the young lady, if required.

Of course it would be required. Mona could not stay alone on top of the Fern Pass, still less could she stay in the society of the discharged chauffeur whose cause she had so ridiculously championed. She would follow, and beg Emmilie's pardon for her exasperating conduct. Then Emmilie would forgive her, and she should have another chance to behave like a sensible girl; the behaviour of a sensible girl being to fall in love with a handsome and eligible young Austrian Baron. Indeed—and this must be delicately suggested to the culprit—Paul would be showing true chivalry in overlooking such an escapade, chivalry of which most men would be incapable, after a night adventure like Mona's. The girl must be made to understand

promptness, and it was not until they had arrived at the inn, to find Mona gone, that the brother and sister abandoned hope. Then it was, when this last blow had fallen, that Emmilie made use of the expression:

"We *must* get it back somehow."

So curiously reserved were the landlord, the landlady, and the whole domestic staff, that the evidence of bribery seemed indisputable to the pair, who judged others by themselves. They were not even able to ascertain whether the girl had gone off in the motor-car, or whether the chauffeur had vanished in his automobile alone. Neither would anyone admit a knowledge of the direction taken by either. Altogether, it began to look as if Emmilie's *coup d'état* had been a hideous mistake. She ought, Paul said, to have used force upon the girl, rather than let her slip; but all was not yet lost. Though the girl had disappeared, dealings might be entered into with her pursuers, eluded yesterday at Innsbruck.

"She's as valuable to the Ransomes as she is to us," said the Duchess, feverishly reviewing the situation with Paul, on the very spot where she had parted with Mona the night before. "They'd give anything to get her back—the goose that lays the golden eggs."

her claws the moment the father died, when the child wasn't ten years old. Mona was put into a boarding-school before her father was cold in his grave: that was the lady's idea of her duty as a guardian;

and before her husband had been dead a year she married again. No holidays ever for Mona, no visits to friends: she might have met young men! Her only gaiety, Christmas and Easter calls from Freddy Ransome, running over from England with presents from papa and mamma! Freddy Ransome, with the face of a cod-fish and the wits of a mooncalf. I can't tell you how many times he's failed for the Army since he was sent down from Oxford. Mona means all the difference between poverty and great riches to the Ransome family."

"If we could only keep in the background, and yet squeeze out a few thousands from them for information."

"It wouldn't be safe to try that, for we can't give exact information—*yet*: and if they put the police on us, we should be in worse trouble than we've ever been. The only thing is to appear openly, offer help and sympathy—and quietly claim reimbursement for all that Mona has cost us in time and money."

"But how could we explain our position?"

"Easily. I shall tell them that I was in Paris, and having called on Mona at school one day, was soon after surprised by seeing her arrive at my *pension*. Let me see; what shall I say was her story? Oh, that scarlet fever had broken out in school, and that her relatives wished her to stay with me until they could arrive from India and claim her. I

the chauffeur to take her away in their motor-car, leaving them stranded. It sounds pretty monstrous, doesn't it?"

"And realistic. I almost believe it myself. But they'll learn the truth from her."

"Not till we're out of the business. And even then, they're not likely to take her statements seriously, after the dance she's led them."

"You're a clever woman, Emmichen," said Paul. "We'll go to Innsbruck, not as fast as we came, but as fast as we can; and instead of avoiding the Hotel Tirol, we'll make straight for it. Have you any money left out of the sum the late 'Miss Lee' put in your hands?"

"Four or five hundred gulden still. She went off without a penny, and will have to live on her pearls: she'd no other jewellery of value."

"Let her live as she can. Now for Innsbruck and the Ransomes. I suppose there's no hope of getting the price of the motor-car out of them?"

"We'll try."

"Suppose they've gone, and left no address?"

"We'll wire Madame de Norval at Paris. She's sure to have it."

"My Emmichen is prepared for every emergency."

And so they made up their differences, and had nothing better to do as they drove—humbly in a horse-drawn vehicle—back to Innsbruck, than to decide how they would dispose of the Ransomes' money when they got it.

CHAPTER X.

THE ALBATROSS.

It was Freddy Ransome, the young man with the "face of a codfish and the wits of a mooncalf," whom they found at the Tirolerhof. He had left his father and stepmother in Venice, and had come to Innsbruck alone, it seemed, upon the track of a motor-car which had been stolen. But neither the Duchesse de Rocheverte nor Baron Paul von Waldern was interested in Freddy's quest, since it was not that of the golden goose. As for Freddy, though he had prided himself upon his detective powers, and had telegraphed frantic banalities twice a day to Venice, his attention was easily captured by the Duchess and her story.

She was his first Duchess, and Paul was his first Baron. Being at heart a middle-class young man, in whose intimate experience titles had thus far been scarce, he fell a victim to Emmilie's eyes and rank, the while she talked to him of Mona.

"You believe, don't you, that I was heartbroken when I found out how she had tricked you, and tricked us?" asked the Duchess, with soft play of lashes, while Paul twisted his moustache and looked incredibly noble.

Of course Freddy believed her. And it seemed piquant to his intelligence to let himself fall in love with a beautiful young married Duchess, while she helped him track the heiress who was destined for his wife. It was the sort of thing that the hero of a French novel would do.

should lose money at cards to the Baron—a trifle of three or four hundred pounds; his father would give it to him with pleasure, glad thus indirectly to pay for definite news of Mona Eversleigh.

As for the work which had brought Freddy to Innsbruck, it was forgotten, and he was far more eager to help Emmilie find her brother's automobile than to track down the thief who had run off with the Ransomes'.

Very little was said about the missing motors, when Freddy's father and stepmother joined the party. That



He let her go.

naturally believed so dear a friend. On the point of leaving Paris, as I was, to visit my brother in Austria, the only thing I could arrange was to bring her with me. She fell ill on the way. That would account for the time I hid her in Paris, and would pile up expenses—doctors' bills, hotel bills, and a trained nurse for a week. A long motor-car tour afterwards, to restore her health and spirits—no expense spared by the poor but trusting Baron and Duchess. Then, suddenly, remorse,



"I fell in love with you."

the Baron and the Major should each be mourning one, at the same moment, was certainly a link between them as well as a curious coincidence; but the Indian officer's chief concern in the Austrian's loss seemed to be his obligation to pay for everything. It was hard upon him that, while he was seeking his stepdaughter, his own car should be stolen, and then that she should annex another, thus making him responsible for damages. Nevertheless, he felt that he could bear anything, once he had the runaway girl again in leading-strings.



They drove back to Innsbruck.

confession. Mona admits that she has deceived her guardians, that she has run away, using her friends as catspaws. The friends advise, entreat her to be frank, to wire her relations, whom she saw in Innsbruck, no doubt searching for her. She refuses, and when her friends warn her that they must do what she will not, she bribes

He wired enthusiastically to Venice, and in consequence of the wire, Major and Mrs Ransome arrived late next day. Meanwhile, having lost his heart to the Duchess, it was a mere detail that he

She would have to marry Freddy now, and ought to be precious glad to get him, since nobody else would have her, after she had gone gadding across the Continent with no chaperon but a motor-car, as he remarked with brutal frankness to his wife.

It was one thing for the Baron and his sister to beg information from the people of the hotel on the Fern Pass: it would be another when a father and mother demanded it. No matter how big the bribe had been (and Mona, though a schoolgirl still, was always well supplied with money) those who had accepted it would not dare to hold their tongues against the rights of parents; and the plan proposed by Major Ransome was to visit the inn on the Pass without delay.

Already, however, much time had been wasted. It was not until twenty-four hours had gone after parting with Mona, that Emmilie and Paul had arrived, late at night, in Innsbruck. They had not been able to see Freddy until next morning, as he had gone to bed before they appeared at the Tirolerhof. His telegram to Venice had not been received and answered until late afternoon, and it was the following afternoon when Major and Mrs. Ransome came upon the scene. By the time they had sketched out a plan of action, it was

knew the way, and presented himself without misgiving. Had he interested himself in the story of young Mr. Ransome's stolen automobile, his inspiration would not have taken him in that direction; but he was happy in ignorance, and all seemed to be marching favourably with his affairs. Already he had done well with the Ransome business, and was several thousand gulden to the good, as consolation for having lost the heiress. He and Emmilie had been asked to write out a list of all expenses incurred by them for Miss Eversleigh, and they would not tarry in granting the request. In addition, Major Ransome had made a generous offer. When Mona was found (as she must be now, in a few days), if she and the Baron's car had parted company, the Baron should be paid for his lost automobile. If, on the contrary, the car were found with her, and in good condition, it should be returned to its owner, and a present of a diamond necklace given by the grateful Mrs. Ransome to the Duchess.

In his mind, as he walked through the quiet streets, Paul had been selling those diamonds and dividing the price between himself and Emmilie, taking the larger portion in case he might have to bribe the discharged chauffeur (if refound in Mona's employ) not to be contradictory. But arrived on the threshold

It is your help I want. A gentleman has come to Innsbruck to inquire for the stolen car. He heard of my affair from the police, and sent for me. But I did not know enough to please him, and have found out little at the garage. With what you can tell me of your chauffeur—"

"I have nothing to tell you. I know no more than you do," Paul broke in roughly. "I have sent the man away—discharged him—have no idea where he's gone. Better ask inside; I am in a hurry."

"But you were going into the garage."

"I was not," snapped the Baron. "I was merely passing."

"A—ah!" exclaimed Fox-face, comprehendingly. "I see how it is, Sir. You do not want to mix yourself in this business. You have your reasons for that. You do not think of Me. Well, I must think of myself. You shall tell me what you know, for you *do* know something, I am sure, or I will follow you wherever you may go!"

"I shall call the police."

"The police are my friends. They know what I have suffered. They will follow you too."

Paul thought this not unlikely; and it would be extremely inconvenient. The wild truth had flashed



He joined the Ransomes in the hall.

too late to start upon another journey which could only

be made by carriage or motor-car, and they were forced to wait with what patience they could until the morning.

The idea was, to hire an automobile and cover the ground as quickly as possible: but there arose a difficulty. It was the high season now, and Innsbruck was full of tourists. Many tourists wanted motors, and there were not many motors to be had. There was not, indeed, one for Major Ransome, and bitterly he cursed, with strange Indian curses, the man who had robbed him of his own legitimate Daimler. The landlord was consulted, and telephoned to more than one garage, unsuccessfully, but suddenly Baron Paul von Waldern had an inspiration.

This was late in the evening of the day on which the elder Ransomes had arrived, and it was necessary to arrange something promptly, as, in one way or another, everything must be ready for their departure at an early hour in the morning.

"Let me see what I can do," said Paul, willing to make himself of importance.

No one wished to dissuade him from carrying out this suggestion, yet no one offered to see him through his mission, when it appeared that this meant going out of doors. Major Ransome was tired after his long journey. Freddy Ransome was teaching the Duchess to play Bridge, and she was proving an apt pupil: which was not so remarkable as Freddy thought it, since she was already a more skilful player than he.

Paul's inspiration concerned the garage where Larry O'Hagan had kept his car.

It was not a "smart" garage, and for that reason the landlord of Innsbruck's best hotel had probably not thought of it; but there might be some sort of car there to let. Paul had been to the place only once, but he

of the garage, away went the visionary diamonds in a brilliant shower.

Outside the door lounged a fox-faced little man whose mean features he vaguely recalled.

"Ach, it is you!" exclaimed the stranger, darting forward. "But you do not speak German. I will fetch someone with a little French, and then we shall know everything." With this he would have trotted into the garage if Paul had not stopped him.

"I do know German. I am myself an Austrian," announced the Baron, perplexed and apprehensive, dimly associating the man now with the chauffeur Laurence.

Fox-face hesitated, and came back. "Very well," he said. "I thought you knew only French. I am glad I was mistaken. We can now talk quietly together. Will you give me your name?"

"Certainly not, until I know who you are and what you want," answered Paul, growing nervous.

"I am the man whom your chauffeur assaulted some days ago, because I had learnt that his car was wanted in Venice."

"Wanted in Venice?" echoed the Baron, a quick, hot flush rising to his ears.

"Yes. And since then I have learned without any doubt that he had stolen it from a rich family there, who did not wish to be named in the newspapers. Oh, I do not accuse *you* of anything, Sir—not at all. These chauffeurs are villains. Their slyness is beyond belief.

red into his eyes, out of darkness, and dazzled him. The car which he had hired—the car which he had told the Ransomes was his, bought and paid for, and to be paid for again by them, if lost—was *their* car, the car stolen from them in Venice, the car for which they searched, when their other quest gave them time to think of it. Ah, if he had but taken more interest in Freddy's loose babblings; if he had but asked questions, how easily he might have put two and two together, and how carefully he would then have avoided this garage!

Now it was too late for regrets. He had walked into a trap, and was caught by the leg, held back from the success which had been all but in his grasp. This fox-faced man was on his back, as difficult to fling off as the Ancient Mariner's Albatross. Yet he might still cut the string knotted round his neck before it choked him.

"You want money, I suppose?" he said.

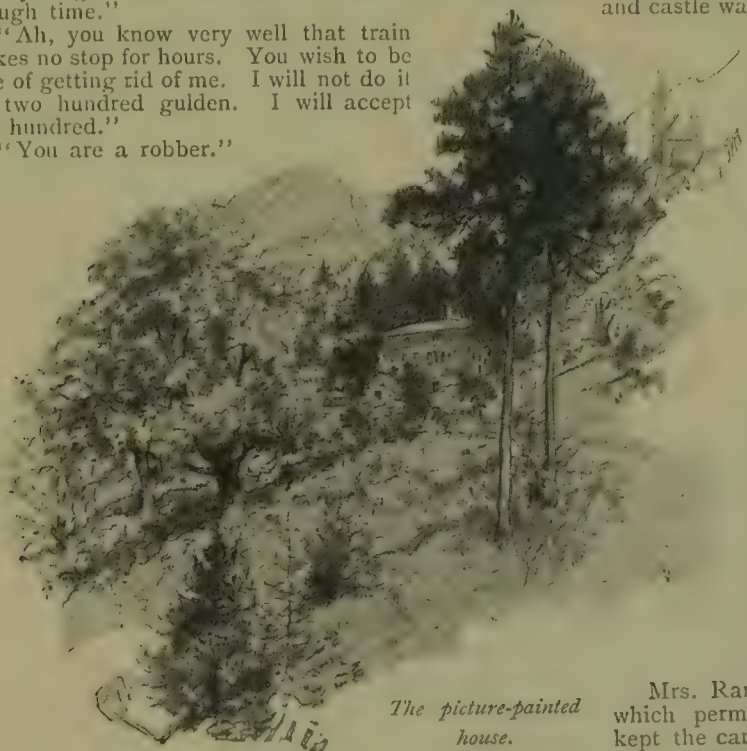
"I want it very much."

"I can't give you much, because I haven't it—and you're not worth it if I had. Will you take two hundred gulden and your railway-fare, to go out of Innsbruck by the express which leaves for Munich at ten o'clock?"

"But I live in Innsbruck."

"You can come back to-morrow."

"That means my fare and return."
 "Yes—yes. I'll take you to the station, and see that you get into the train. Come, we have only enough time."
 "Ah, you know very well that train makes no stop for hours. You wish to be sure of getting rid of me. I will not do it for two hundred gulden. I will accept five hundred."
 "You are a robber."



The picture-painted house.

"Ah, who knows what you are, Sir? But it would be easy to find out, if I stayed."

"I pay you, not because I am afraid, but because I do not wish to be troubled. Five hundred gulden, then, but not a pfennig more."

Meekly, Fox-face walked to the station, stood by while his ticket was bought, snatched the five hundred gulden as the express came thundering in, and then refused to go, threatening to make a scene unless he got two hundred more.

Almost in tears, Paul parted with more of his precious bank-notes, and thanked his lucky stars (if any) when he saw the train steam out of the station, with a foxy face framed in the window of a first-class carriage.

For two minutes he felt safe, and basked in the joyous relief of hard-won salvation; but he had not reached the door of the hotel when a thought struck his brain like a blow from a hammer.

What good—save temporary relief—had he obtained by ridding himself of the Albatross? In his confusion, he had forgotten that the identity of the two motors was fatal to his interests; after all, he had practically thrown away his money, for he dare not go out of Innsbruck with the Ransomes; he dare not sell them the help for which he had hoped to be so well paid. The moment they found their car—and that might be at any moment—they would know him a liar. He would be disgraced, discredited.

This red flame of enlightenment melted his hopes as the summer was melting the snows on Innsbruck's wall of white mountains. There was nothing to do but get out of the Ransomes all that could be got to-night, and to have a telegram summoning him and his sister away by the first train to-morrow morning.

Reluctantly, yet firmly, he found that telegram before he joined the Ransomes in the hall of the Tirolerhof, and with a face sincerely expressive of regret, announced its arrival and contents. There had been an accident in his ancestral castle. He and Emmilie must tear themselves from their new friends, and leave those friends to pursue their mission henceforth unassisted. The Duchess, genuinely surprised, shed a few tears that fell upon and blotted the bill for expenses which emotion did not prevent the brother and sister from jotting down before "good-night" was said. Indeed, good-night had to be good-bye as well, because, as Paul sadly pointed out, the hour for their train was ridiculously early in the morning.

The Ransomes received the best wishes of the Baron and the Duchess: the Duchess and the Baron received the gold of the Ransomes: and Emmilie let Freddy press her hand as she thanked him (not without substantial reason) for teaching her the game of Bridge. Later the twins talked things over while they hastily packed.

First came regrets and recriminations: then, on counting over their blessings (materialised in coin or paper), followed consolations. After all, and at worst, they were some thousands of gulden to the good; and in the fastnesses of Schloss Waldberg they could defy futile reproaches from the Ransomes, if the Ransomes by-and-by stumbled upon the truth.

"You've lost the heiress, but you can save your honour," Emmilie pointed out.

"You mean my furniture," sneered Paul, still smarting with regret for the bright hopes he must abandon.

"It's historic," Emmilie reminded him.

"There's very little of it."

The same might have been said of the honour of the name: but Emmilie said nothing so disagreeable. She remarked, very sensibly, that what there was of furniture and castle was the family stock-in-trade, therefore worth preserving. That while Paul went home, paid off his most pressing debts and ousted the men in possession, she would return to Paris and collect an American heiress. There was one, she added, quite ready to be culled by the owner of a title—plus a castle—and though the lady had more years and less money than Mona Eversleigh, still a plain heiress in the hand was worth two pretty ones in the bush.
 "Or in stolen motor-cars," finished the Baron, already twinkling in the gloom.

CHAPTER XI.

THE CHASE AND THE CAPTURE.

Even millionaires cannot do everything. They cannot hire motor-cars when there are no motor-cars to be hired. And travelling tediously with a "carriage and pair," the Ransomes railed against fate and the thief who had robbed them of the power of thirty-five horses.

Meanwhile, in the morning papers, which they had neglected to buy before starting, appeared an advertisement which would have interested them, had they happened to see it.

Mrs. Ransome's mature beauty was not of the type which permits early morning starts, and the family kept the carriage, ordered at half-past nine, waiting until half-past ten. They reached the little hotel of

with an apologetic gesture which tempered his incorruptible expression. "The young lady of whom you speak stayed here one night, having placed herself under my wife's care. She then went away in an automobile which she had doubtless hired, and it was not our business to interest ourselves in her destination."

"You must have seen in which direction she started," said Mrs. Ransome.

"If we did, we have forgotten."

"How much would it take to make you remember?"

"We do not understand your meaning."

"Would this lighten your intelligence?" Major Ransome showed a brutal banknote.

The gentle pair shook their white heads. "What we forget," they answered almost in a breath, "we have forgotten."

The landlord's expression remained incorruptible, and there was no longer any polite gesture to temper it.

Rendered murderous by disappointment on top of hunger, fatigue, and heat-headaches, the Ransomes would gladly have killed the innkeepers and burnt down their inn. But satisfactory reprisals have gone out of fashion, and the one available revenge was to refrain from spending a pfennig under the offensive roof.

But whither to go? was the question they asked each other, as—too literally for physical ease—they hungrily formed a hollow square in the road before the hotel, discussing the next move. They could go on: but where? For all they could learn the miserable girl might have flown back to Innsbruck; or she might have passed on into Bavaria.

It was when Mrs. Ransome had snapped hysterically at Freddy for proposing to toss up a copper, that a shadow stole out of the dusk, and flitted near. It was the shadow of a man who smelt of the stable. The Ransomes could not speak German, but the shadow had a little English. It said that it had heard they were relations of the young lady who had been left by her friends at the inn, and that they wanted to know what had become of her. The shadow could tell them this, and would, if it were made worth a shadow's while.

Major Ransome did make it worth while, and was informed that a conversation had been overheard (this shadow seemed to have a knack of overhearing conversations) between the young lady and the *patron* and *patronne*.

The English Mees had gone to Hohen-schwangau, with a letter from the landlady to a cousin, Frau Hols, who kept a small *pension* near the castle of Neuschwanstein. How long she was to stop in this *pension*, and why she had gone there at all, the shadow could not say; but the Mees had kissed Frau Schmidt on departing, and Frau

Schmidt had wished her all happiness. The Schmidts were like that. If they took a fancy to anyone, there



Inns Town.

the Fern Pass at evening, in a temper not improved by flashing glimpses of occasional automobiles, which dashed gaily and aggravatingly past their sweating horses.

All three were hungry, cross, and tired when they arrived at their destination, and in a mood to trample upon any creature who dared by opposition to stir into foam their cup of bitterness.

But, at first sight, Herr Schmidt and his wife, landlord and landlady, appeared the last people to show unseemly obstinacy. They were a mild and pleasant elderly couple, with polite Austrian manners and hospitable smiles. They even looked as if they could be easily intimidated; and Major Ransome was tempted to bluster in his best French.

He understood that they had denied Baron von Waldern and the Duchesse de Rocheverte information concerning the young girl who had left her friends and run away from this inn, a week ago. But now, here were the parents of that young girl, and every detail of her disappearance must instantly be given.

"It was, on the contrary, the Baron and the Duchess who ran away," the gentle old lady with the face of a rosy apple ventured to murmur.

"That is a mere quibble," replied Major Ransome, in the tone which he had found successful with servants in India. "I wish to know at once where Miss Eversleigh, calling herself Miss Lee, went, on leaving here, and in what manner she left. As her parents, we are in a position to insist—"

"Her step-parents, I believe," mildly amended Herr Schmidt.

"Ah, you seem to be deep in the lady's confidence!" exclaimed the Indian officer, taken aback, but only for an instant. "As her legal guardians, then—"

"It makes no difference. We can tell you nothing, Sir," broke in the landlord,



The ruins near Inns.

was nothing they would not do; and the strange part was, it was never for money, because they had made economics, and were rich. If they did *not* fancy anyone, there was nothing they *would* do, for all they looked so mild.

Perhaps the Schmidts did not fancy the shadow. Encouraged, the Ransomes girded themselves to support further fatigue, un nourished. But their horses were obliged to have the rest their masters were willing to forego, therefore the masters must wait; and they purchased stale bread and staler cheese from some mysterious supplies produced by the shadow.

Later they went on, through the Austrian Eden, towards the Eden of Bavaria. In the darkness, snow mountains glimmered, floating above black, pine-clad heights, and peering down into mystic gulfs of shadow where lakes of ink were traps for stars. At last they drove under the castle ruin of Füssen, and on into Füssen town, where one of the horses fell lame, and it was decided that a halt must be made until morning. They found a hotel, took rooms,

Mrs. Ransome saw it first, and pointed out the picture-painted front, gleaming in fantastic colours in the deep green shadow of great trees.

"There's a motor-car before the door," she said. "It must be hers—I mean, the Baron's. Thank goodness we've caught her! But, oh—the car's starting. There's someone in it. A woman—sitting beside the chauffeur. It's *she*! She's getting away. Hurry—tell the driver to hurry!"

But the car gracefully turned. It was coming towards them. They were sure of the girl now, and each mind sprang to the thought of punishment. She must be kept close after this. Her conduct had been that of a mad woman. Her treatment in future would have to be appropriate—until, of course, she had been reduced to a proper frame of meekness. Major Ransome made his coachman stop abruptly in the

"Major Ransome, I believe?" he said, as quietly as Stanley greeted Livingstone in the desert, his audacity silencing the family for an instant. "I'm very glad to find you at last, though so unexpectedly, for I had to run away with your car from Mestre, you know, to save it from the clutches of your Venice landlord. Since day before yesterday—when I could afford it—I've been advertising for you in the agony columns of



"Major Ransome, I believe?"

middle of the road. It would thus be impossible for the motor-car to pass.

The chauffeur swung swiftly round a corner, and slowed down suddenly at sight of the stationary carriage in his way.

"Jove, Governor! *The photograph!*" cried Freddy, leaping up. "Your chauffeur—your Daimler! It's the thief himself!"

"Then it can't be Mona. She was in the Baron's car," gasped Mrs. Ransome.

"It *is* Mona. I see her—and she sees us."

There was an instant of doubt and apprehension. Would the car reverse and run away from them, escaping, after all?

But, no. The girl spoke to the chauffeur, and he came steadily on. With the bonnet of the motor almost nose to nose with the stolid horses, he brought the Daimler suddenly to a standstill.

several papers. This lady says now that she knows you—how, she hasn't told me yet; otherwise I might have passed you without—"

"You would *not* have passed us!" shouted Major Ransome, on fire with his anger at the good-looking ruffian. "We have your photograph, and the police have it too. This lady, as you are well aware, is my ward, my wife's stepdaughter, Miss Eversleigh."

"Oh, Larry, forgive me; it's true!" cried Mona. "I thought you wouldn't take me if you knew about the horrid money. I didn't *fib*, for I haven't got it yet; but I was going to tell you to-day."

"Take you? What do you mean, you miserable girl?" screamed Mrs. Ransome.

"We were married an hour ago," said Mona.

Of course Larry forgave her. What would he not have forgiven? And, for their own sakes, the Ransomes had to pretend that they forgave her also. She allows them three thousand a year. And they presented her with the Daimler as a wedding gift.

THE END.

ate, and slept—slept longer than they had meant to sleep. It was full, glorious day, and past lazy people's breakfast time, when the family engaged a carriage and drove through country exquisite as a vast private park, to Hohenschwangau, thence slowly up the height where the castle of Neuschwanstein towers. Somewhere along the winding, fern-fringed road, among pines and chestnuts, they had been told to look for Villa Fanny, the *pension* kept by Frau Schmidt's cousin.

A QUEEN IN TROUSERS: THE OFFICIAL DRESS OF HER MAJESTY OF SIAM.



THE WIFE OF OUR EASTERN ROYAL VISITOR: THE QUEEN OF SIAM.

The King of Siam arrived in London on June 21. The Queen is at present travelling on the Continent, where her Majesty is preserving a strict incognito.

CIVIL WAR IN SOUTHERN FRANCE: THE WINE-GROWERS' RIOTS.



IN MEMORY OF VICTIMS: STONES ERECTED BY RIOTERS TO MARK THE PLACE WHERE PEOPLE WERE KILLED IN THE STREETS.



THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE AGITATION: MARCELIN ALBERT'S HOUSE AND CAFÉ AT ARGELLIERS.



THE ARREST OF THE MAYOR OF NARBONNE: DR. FERROUL ENTERING AN AMBULANCE WAGON FOR CONVEYANCE TO PRISON.

Sketched on the spot by our Special Artist, Georges Scott.



M. Clemenceau.

M. Briand.

THE OBJECT OF THE WINE-GROWERS' HATRED: M. CLEMENCEAU, THE PRIME MINISTER, IN HIS PLACE IN THE CHAMBER.



REGIMENTAL AMBULANCE WAGON ARRIVING AT THE LAW COURTS, MONTPELLIER, WITH PRISONERS FROM ARGELLIERS.

During last week the wine-growers' agitation in the South of France led to a state of civil war. The rioters in Narbonne threw up barricades, but were compelled to remove them by Dr. Ferroul, the mayor. Shortly afterwards Dr. Ferroul was arrested with other members of the Argelliers Committee, and was conveyed in a regimental ambulance to prison at Montpellier. Immediately after the mayor's arrest the rioting broke out afresh, shots were exchanged between the troops and the people, and five persons were killed. The rioters set up stones with rough inscriptions to mark the places where the victims fell.

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LADIES' PAGE.

ASCOT presented a really brilliant scene. There is less white worn this season than has been the case for some years past, and this tends to the picturesque in the effect of a smartly dressed crowd of ladies. Blue is decidedly popular. Huge feathers in a delicate pale blue floated on many hats, white or black crinoline, burnt straw, and blue chip alike being thus adorned. An enormously large and full feather, held in place by a single big blossom, is a very fashionable trimming. The Queen for once discarded at Ascot the small, close-fitting toque-shape that is associated with her personality almost as closely as is her own special and never-changing style of coiffure. On this occasion, the ever-lovely head was crowned with a black hat slightly turned up at one side, and trimmed with two long ostrich-feathers held in place by one large crimson rose; a small cluster of natural roses of exactly the same shade was worn at the bosom of her black-and-white striped gauze dress. The Princess of Wales had chosen on the first day the Queen's usual colour, a delicate mauve; the dress was cream silk and lace, with an all-mauve toque and feather boa. Lady Ilchester was one of the many wearers of blue, her gown of Nattier blue marquise-ette with lace trimmings being accompanied by an all-blue hat and feathers. Lady Yarborough, with a striped black velvet and lace dress, wore a black chip hat trimmed with long pale-blue feathers. Lady Helen Gordon-Lennox wore a blue-striped Marquisette gown, a sapphire and a pale shade alternating, and her hat was covered with roses. Numerous painted gauze dresses were worn, and were among the smartest seen, often lined with coloured silk.

I notice that the Queen has had partly reset one of the diadems that the King inherited from the late Queen. It used to consist of alternating Maltese crosses and fleur-de-lys. The latter, being, of course, the specific badge of the royal house of France, was really, when one thinks of it, not altogether suitable on the British Sovereign's head, though, no doubt, this never occurred to the late Queen's mind. It was one of her favourite tiaras. Early in her reign she wore it to sit for a portrait that now hangs in Buckingham Palace, and that was so successful that she always chose it to be copied to present to foreign Ambassadors and to hang in our own Embassies abroad. The stones, all brilliants, are very fine ones; a large Maltese cross comes immediately in front, and this used to be flanked on either side by the fleur-de-lys, but now these are replaced by artistic clusters of our own national emblems—the rose, shamrock, and thistle.

It is delightful to note with what due honour the name of Miss Florence Nightingale was received during the recent International Red Cross Conference. It is recorded by Mr. Kinglake, the historian of the



A CHIFFON AND SILVER BALL GOWN.

Dress of white chiffon on white satin, with silver embroidery on skirt and corsage, and vest of old lace. Opera mantle of satin embroidered with gold cords.

Crimean War, that on one occasion four men of note were invited to write down the name of the person of public importance, apart from royalty, whose name they believed most certain to live in the history of the Victorian Era. When the papers were opened it was found that all had agreed on the name of Florence Nightingale. At the recent Convention it was decided, on the motion of the Hungarian delegates, that a special fund should be raised to bear Miss Nightingale's name, and to be used to provide medals for those women who hereafter distinguish themselves in aiding the sick and wounded, following in Miss Nightingale's footsteps. Surely it is more than a little unfortunate that in the very week when the proved abilities of women to do such public service were recalled, speeches should have been made in the House of Lords on the Bill to allow women to sit on local bodies such as were made by Lord James of Hereford and Lord Halsbury, the latter saying, for instance, that "women were too hysterical" to join in the debates of County Councils!

Though summer weather hardly seems to have arrived, the usual date for the "after-season" sales is here, and the slackness of business caused by "winter lingering in the lap of" midsummer will redound to the purchasers' advantage. A great house like that of Peter Robinson must clear out the season's stock, and unusual bargains are offered in every one of the departments, as may be seen by sending for the sale catalogue. There are two distinct establishments of Peter Robinson's business, the one at Oxford Circus, and the other at 252 to 264, Regent Street, and each has its separate catalogue to send to applicants showing forth its own particular bargains. The Regent Street house has a special list of magnificent Paris and Vienna model gowns, all reduced to about one-third of the original prices. Simpler gowns are equally reduced, and so are dress materials. Some of the unmade robes are wonderful value, and a robe in the new smart and most fashionable Shantung, dyed in any shade, can be had for just under two pounds. The Oxford Circus house of Messrs Peter Robinson offers a skirt of fine black voile, actually lined with silk, for forty-nine-and-sixpence, and another voile skirt trimmed with glacé, but on a batiste foundation, for twenty-five-and-sixpence. Mantles, furs, gloves, underclothing, millinery, household furnishings—in fact, every department—offers equally wonderful bargains to the early buyer.

Prices of all linen goods have greatly advanced, but from Monday, July 1, till the end of the month, the famous linen house of Robinson and Cleaver, 170, Regent Street, W., are giving the public the opportunity of purchasing from their large stock at old prices. There will be special bargains forthcoming during the sale in every sort of household linens, as well as in handkerchiefs, ladies' outfitting, laces, collars, and cuffs, etc. On application from any of my readers a sale catalogue will be sent post-free.

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HOW TO BEAUTIFY THE HAIR.

Remarkable Free Offer made to Readers of "The Illustrated London News."

HOME BEAUTY CULTURE FOR ALL.

The woman with beautiful hair is the woman who is always the centre of attraction and, it must be said, the envied of her sisters. The man who keeps his hair in health, and possesses a full share of this natural adornment, is the man whom all his fellows admire. There is no question that in the matter of personal appearance the hair plays an important part, for, putting the case in the reverse light, as soon as the hair begins to fall from the head, loses colour, or becomes broken, an appearance of age is at once given to the face.

Once these facts are appreciated by most people, the one great trouble is to know how to keep the hair in health and beauty, and, when it loses its pristine freshness, how to restore the same, and what preparations to use for this purpose.

It is really quite painful to think of the many absurd ideas that people have in regard to the hair. Although this is the most delicate part, it is subject to the most serious ill-usage. Preparations are applied to the hair which are not only useless, but, unfortunately, in many cases exceedingly harmful. Occasionally we hear friends recommending amongst themselves grandmotherly ideas and recipes that have for the basis of their utility simple superstition.

There is, however, a greater trouble than this, and that is the modern concoctions that enterprising people, with no knowledge of this complex subject, but nevertheless backed by money, are endeavouring to force on those whose misfortune it is to suffer from hair troubles. It is, of course, difficult for the average person to choose a hair tonic that can be relied upon, and the only test on which the choice can be made is that of public appreciation and recommendation by usage.

"THE TESTIMONY TO HARLENE."

There is no question that the most popular of hair tonics of the present age is "Harlene." Used by all classes of society, from Royalty downwards, it has held with striking success the supreme place it gained so many years ago in the confidence of the public. For nearly a quarter of a century "Harlene" has been used, and the testimony that has been called forth is of such a nature as to render it really valuable. When we find that the crowned heads of Europe have taken the pains to personally recommend its use among their friends, confidence in its merits must be established.

The proprietors of "Harlene" have decided that there shall be given an opportunity for every person, no matter in what station or class of life, to test without any cost or without the imposing of any obligation, the merits of "Harlene."

As the best method of doing this, they have decided to send, free of charge, a special free trial bottle. This special trial bottle will easily show the effect of this preparation on the hair, and the proprietors of "Harlene" feel confident that there are many classes of people to whom this offer is of special value, introducing to them, as it does, a natural and valuable hair tonic, which, if persevered with, will serve to remedy the most serious hair ailments.

"Harlene," unlike many of the so-called curative preparations placed on the market, is a hair tonic of real value, and has been recommended for use by medical men. Its effect on the hair is almost instantaneous, and even a few applications will serve to restore the natural beauty and healthy condition. In cases of baldness, "Harlene" stands without rival as a restorative agent, and in cases where practically every vestige of hair has disappeared, after

the use of this tonic new hairs have been seen to grow. In cases of dry scalp, dull hair, greyness, and falling hair, it can be safely recommended to all that "Harlene" is the most valuable preparation to use.

THE SPECIAL FREE OFFER.

It is the earnest wish of the proprietors of "Harlene" that every reader of the "Illustrated London News" shall take an early opportunity of writing for the special free bottle. All applications should be addressed to Edwards' Harlene Co., 95-6, High Holborn, London, W.C., and with each letter, giving name and address, and mentioning name of this paper, three stamps must be sent to cover cost of return postage to any part of the world (foreign stamps accepted).

Already several thousands of applications have been received for these special free trial bottles, but the proprietors are continuing their splendid offer, in order that every man and woman may be enabled to check any hair trouble from which they might be suffering. This opportunity of obtaining hair treatment free is quite unique, and certainly reflects great enterprise on the part of the inaugurators.

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to remark that "Harlene" is stocked by all chemists, and is sold in bottles at 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. There is, however, no need to purchase right away, for, as stated above, it may be tested free. The proprietors of "Harlene" are naturally proud of the many unique testimonials they have received as to the value of their preparation, and a selection is here given. Perhaps the most important is that of Dr. George Jones, who says:—"I have examined and practically proved that 'Harlene' is not only an excellent grower, but is also a preventive against the loss of hair from falling out, and produces a luxuriant growth by continued application."

This testimony coming from so distinguished a scientist, is likely to confirm the public confidence in a valuable remedy. The following three testimonials received from members of Royal Households are certainly interesting:

H.R.H. PRINCESS MARIE OF GREECE writes: "Messrs. Edwards' preparation, 'Harlene' for the hair, has given entire satisfaction."

H.I.H. THE GRAND DUCHESS GEORGE OF RUSSIA writes: "Please send at once six bottles of 'Harlene,' the same as formerly sent to H.I.H. when Princess Marie of Greece."

PRINCESS ANNA HOHENLOHE writes: "'Harlene' has given me great satisfaction; therefore, please send by return six more bottles."

Testimonials from public people, our leading actors and actresses, and others, have been received in thousands, and many columns could be filled by quotations from these eulogistic letters.

It may be mentioned that, in addition to being a tonic restorative, "Harlene" is a toilet luxury that all will appreciate. It is pleasant to use, and combines with its tonic properties a delicate, cooling sensation and healthy fragrance. Whilst once again urging readers of this journal to write for the special free trial bottle, a strong word of caution should be given against neglecting the troubles that affect the hair. Indeed, many a bald head could have been avoided by a little careful attention in early life. "Harlene" is no trouble to use, and it is not obnoxiously greasy. Indeed, its users say that the morning application of "Harlene" is a delight they would not miss. A personal visit at the Head Offices of Edwards' Harlene Co., 95-6, High Holborn, London, W.C., will obviate the postage expense, for if the special free trial bottle is called for, no charge whatever is made. This offer of a special free trial bottle may be accepted by any person in any part of the world.



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ART NOTES.

THE Chantry Trustees, if ever they awake to the existence of very notable English painting that does not find its way to Burlington House, will learn that it is not politic to be so long a-purchasing. On deciding, after many weeks of deliberation, that Mr. Mark Fisher, a landscape painter of great ability, might be represented at the Tate Gallery without outraging the unwritten law of boycotting painters who do not exhibit at the Academy, the Trustees kilted up their robes and went to Dering Yard. It never occurred to them, coming from so bad a market as Burlington House, that the Fisher might, to mix one's metaphor, be already flown.

But the New English Art Club is a very good market, and Mr. Mark Fisher has sold both his pictures; while Mr. Walter Sickert, Mr. Bernard Sickert, Mr. Augustus John, Mr. Rich, and Mr. Muirhead Bone are among those whose works have just recently joined what is now almost the majority on the Club's walls—the "sold." Let the Trustees, then, be less long at their councils; so that, next year, when they would buy a Wilson Steer, or some other of the great neglected, they will be able. There should be no difficulty in this, for the haste with which the works of Mr. Davis, R.A., and other "Academical" works, are acquired for the National Collection is hardly decent. No sooner are they hung on the Academy's walls than they are snatched away from the possibility of outside purchase. Who knows, say the Trustees, but that among all these crowds at our private view there might not be some hasty purchaser? Let us prevent the loss to the nation.

Alterations are rapid at the National Gallery, the great Venetian Room, on its reopening, wearing a quite new aspect. Passing over the sentiment which would have kept Bacchus the Youthful and Ariadne where they have so often delighted us, and the Milky Way

where it had come to be one fixed star of beauty, we cannot but think that the new Keeper, who is already "Charlie" to his workmen when the din of hammers makes familiarity discreet, has been wise in all his changes. Titian is well hung beside Titian, that is certain; and it is good to get the Bellinis grouped together, and the screens, upon which several of them were formerly displayed, abolished.

so mountainous a monument of a forgotten taste in painting we know not, but it is a most obvious nuisance in such fair reaches of exquisite colour as are provided by the canvases among which it hangs. The balance of the gallery would have been lost had it been hung at either the west or the north end of the room; but much else would have been gained had the central masters of the Venetian School assumed a central position on the walls of the Venetian Gallery.

Excellent is the re-hanging which brings the late Venetians into a gallery adjacent to the earlier masters of the same school, instead of in the far-removed Gallery XIII., where Rubens now hangs. And much more consistent, too, is the new arrangement of the French and Dutch canvases. While modern France is represented by Isabey, Diaz, and Boudin, whose inclusion we have previously considered in these columns, Holland relies on Israels and Jacob Maris as the exemplars of its modernity, and both painters are shown at full strength. Indeed, we have never seen a picture which so justifies the great reputation of the elder Dutchman as the interior now at the National Gallery. E. M.



Photo. Redfern.

A LIVING UNION JACK FORMED BY 3360 BOYS: THE EMPIRE PAGEANT AT SHEFFIELD.

On the 21st of June 13,000 school-children took part in an Empire Pageant at Bramall Lane, Sheffield. At a given signal 3360 boys, dressed in red, white, and blue jerseys and caps, formed a living Union Jack in the arena.

While Sir Charles Holroyd has done nothing to offend, but—when he has gathered a master's works together, as in the case of Titian and Rubens—much to gratify the champions of the various schools and styles, he must not be considered to have solved all the difficulties of hanging that are presented in Trafalgar Square. That vast blot upon the northern wall of the Venetian Gallery, the blackened Sebastian Del Piombo, still occupies its undeserved position, between Titian and Tintoretto, in the very heart of the collection. Whither Sir Charles Holroyd might have banished

are being made to give a hearty welcome to royalty. There are several alternative routes for travellers visiting the Exhibition. The L.N.W.R. run a splendid Irish mail train from Euston daily at 8.30 a.m. and 8.45 p.m. The G.W.R. book passengers to Dublin from all parts of their line to Chester, whence they change to the L.N.W.R. Steam Packet Service. The M.R. book passengers to Dublin via Liverpool or Morecambe. By this route passengers leave St. Pancras about 10 a.m., arriving in Dublin the next morning.

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MAKERS TO H.M. THE KING.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

ALL London will shortly betake themselves to Weybridge for the purpose of witnessing motor-speed on a safe track. However much this country may be adjudged to be behind the Continent in automobile matters—although I, for one, am far from coinciding with such views—we do now certainly lead the world in the matter of a scientifically constructed autodrome, upon which speeds of over one hundred miles per hour are perfectly safe, and where all the changing phases of a great motor-race can be watched in detail. Whatever the future of the Brooklands course, racing automobilists owe a meed of thanks to Mr. Locke King for the enthusiastic enterprise he has shown in embarking over £150,000 in the installation at Weybridge. Up to the moment of writing Mr. Warwick Wright can claim to have driven a car—his 110-h.p. racing Darracq—at a higher speed over this track than anyone has yet achieved. At the Press View on Monday, June 17, he touched a velocity of ninety-four miles per hour, and said afterwards that the banking of the great sweeps felt perfectly safe at this speed. Had it been necessary, there was yet greater super-elevation, for when going all out he was never within thirty feet of the outside edge of the bank. That the super-elevated surface is correctly formed is proved by the fact that the cars steer themselves round the bends.

Notwithstanding the fact that Michelin tyres were in a considerable minority as to the ninety odd cars entered for the Kaiserpreis, it is remarkable that so many of the cars that finished in the first flight ran upon them. I say remarkable, but I must be taken to mean that in a Pickwickian sense, for it would have indeed been remarkable if the Michelin tyres had not shown up well. Of the eighty-four cars coloured upon the card, fifteen were fitted with Michelin tyres. Of these twenty finished; eight—the first, fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, tenth, thirteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth—being on Michelin tyres and Michelin detachable

rims. So while only 18 per cent. of the cars that actually started for the Kaiserpreis were fitted with Michelins, no less than 45 per cent. of the cars that finished in this great event were shod with Michelin tyres. And that percentage included the winner, Nazzaro, on his Fiat.

One would really like to divine the secret of the wholly wonderful hill-climbing qualities which are so

that dual feat must now be credited to Mr. G. Barwick's 30-h.p. Daimler in the matter of the Henry Edmunds Trophy. And but for the unfortunate fracture of a radius-rod in the second run, it looked from the first-run time as if Mr. P. Brodtmann's Daimler might have been second.

What mortal man can do for the furtherance of automobilism in the Fatherland that the German

Emperor is ready to attempt. His attendance at and his interest in the great race just run, and which bears his name, has been widely chronicled, for he was present from start to finish on each day, which entailed his leaving the Schloss Homburg at 3.30 a.m. the first day and 5.30 a.m. on the second day. Now, fired, doubtless, by what has been done through the private enterprise of Mr. Locke King at Weybridge, he yearns that Germany shall possess something that will altogether out-Brooklands Brooklands and centre motor-racing in Germany for many years to come. And he deserves to achieve his desire!

The problem of effecting a successful issue of capital is very ably discussed by Mr. Walter Judd in an article on "Financial Advertising" which appears in the June number of the *Magazine of Commerce*. Mr. Judd speaks with authority, for he is, as everybody in the commercial world knows, one of the greatest living experts in the practical science and scientific art of advertising. While modestly declining to pose as a monopolist in this special knowledge, the writer of the article mentions incidentally that Messrs. Walter Judd, Limited, have during the last few years advertised issues of capital amounting to over £65,000,000.

The London and North Western Railway Company announce that, commencing July 1, numerous and important additions will be made in their train services to a large number of provincial towns, including Birmingham, Manchester and Liverpool, as well as to Scotland and Ireland. New corridor trains, with luncheon and refreshment cars, and sleeping-saloon expresses, will be provided for the convenience of passengers.



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Berlin has just equipped a fire brigade station where the use of horses is dispensed with entirely. The motive power for the engines and escapes is supplied by electricity.

consistently shown by the Daimler cars. By Daimler cars, let me be understood to infer the Daimler cars that have Leofric's town of Coventry as a birthplace, and not any other fancy-prefixed Daimler of them all. Again and again these fine cars repeat the mountain-climbing triumphs—so regularly and frequently, indeed, that one expects to find a Daimler scoring first honours uphill wherever they are put into competition. But one hardly expects to find the same car winning the same competition, but on two different hills, two years running. Yet

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MUSIC.

"RIGOLETTO" and "La Gioconda" were revived last week at Covent Garden, the latter after a long absence from our Opera House. Verdi's "Ballo in Maschera" is about to be given again, with Selma Kurz as the page, and rehearsals for Alfred Catalani's "Loreley" are in full swing. Of the first performance of "Rigoletto" there is little to say, for it did not find

Madame Selma Kurz at her best in the part of Gilda, and in this opera Verdi wrote his best music for the soprano. Madame de Cisneros took the small part of Maddalena, to the great advantage of the quartet in her one act, and the opera was conducted by Signor Panizza, who made a favourable impression, though there were moments when he forgot to temper the fury of the *tutti* to the needs of the singers.

We cannot sympathise with those who declare that "La Gioconda" is a dull opera that should have been left on the shelf. It may be full of faults, but these are concerned for the most part with the book; much of the music is delightful, and every singer has a chance. Madame Kirkby Lunn and Fräulein Destinn seemed to realise the need for the greatest possible measure of dramatic effort. M. Journet, in the part of Badoero, sang and acted far better than he has done before this season; Sammarco was splendid; and Miss Edna Thornton entered into the spirit of the part of La Cieca with such goodwill that a certain uneven quality of voice passed almost unnoticed. Signor

Campanini handled the music with enthusiasm and vigilance, securing the best results in the concerted numbers and some very delicate modulations of tone at other times. The mounting is tasteful as well as costly, and the ballet has been well dressed and arranged with care. Even the patrons of Covent Garden, so often indifferent to dancing in opera, were moved to great applause when the Dance of the Hours came to an end. Perhaps a few more cuts are necessary: those made for the first performance were hardly noticeable, but if others are

master, and the master has had a very marked influence upon the pupil. The tenor's solo on the ship, in the second act, bears a strong affinity to Madame Butterfly's song as she climbs the hill, in the first act of Puccini's opera, to present herself before that shining light of the American Navy, Lieutenant Francis Pinkerton. This is only one of several points that may be noticed without any suggestion of plagiarism.

M. Paderewski scored yet another triumph when he made his welcome reappearance at the Queen's Hall last week. Although he played upon a piano that was hardly the best of its kind, and opened the performance with a work of his own that is clearly written for virtuosi, he was not long before he began to reveal the better side of his gifts, and his reading of the familiar "Moonlight" sonata of Beethoven brought out the beauty of the work in fashion that was past all praise, and the player achieved a certain measure of legitimate novelty in the reading of the final movement. The great pianist is filling private engagements, and it is unlikely that he will give another recital in public. The world's most distinguished soloists are apt to stay away from London for long periods, but happily they do not leave us altogether. M. Ysaye is returning to London in the autumn for a short series of concerts, after an absence of three years.

Among the art exhibitions now open are those of portraits by Marie d'Epinay, and of oils and water-colours by Edward Compton, H. Compton, and Elizabeth Chettle at the Fine Art Society; of sketches of Madeira and Morocco by Ernest Thesiger, at the Modern Gallery; of paintings and enamels by Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Whipple and Mrs. Hamilton-Johnstone, at the Bruton Galleries; and of drawings by various humorous draughtsmen at the Ryder Gallery.



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made and the opera is brought within the compass of three hours, it ought to find sufficient support to justify the Syndicate in producing it from time to time. Ponchielli was Puccini's

Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Whipple and Mrs. Hamilton-Johnstone, at the Bruton Galleries; and of drawings by various humorous draughtsmen at the Ryder Gallery.



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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"MRS. PONDERBURY'S PAST," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

IT is good to see Mr. Charles Hawtrey again in a characteristic Hawtrey part, even though the play in which he appears be already twelve years old. The play in question, Sir Francis Burnand's amusing but

tribute of laughter. When "Mrs. Ponderbury's Past" was originally staged at the Avenue the rôle of the tyrannical wife fell to Miss Alma Stanley—a stately, majestic actress of compelling beauty. Miss Marie Illington plays the character on different lines; she is the puritanical virago, and, many as have been her variants on this type, it may be doubted if she has ever eclipsed in grotesque humour her Mrs. Ponderbury.

To Miss Lottie Venne's part of the retired music-hall actress Miss Billie Burke succeeds, and really does surprisingly well. It is little less than a caricature in conception, but Miss Burke, by her daintiness and ease of manner, almost invests it with personality.

"THE EARL OF PAWTUCKET," AT THE PLAYHOUSE.

A "Dundreary" play, with Lord Dundreary converted into a dashing lover and made the only Englishman in a circle of Americans, and involved, too, in the most ludicrous complications because, in a desire to visit the United States incognito, his lordship has accepted an obliging American's offer of his name, and so finds himself mistaken for the about-to-be divorced husband of the very lady to whose affections he is laying impetuous siege—that, contained in a nutshell, is Mr. Augustus Thomas's so-called comedy, "The Earl of Pawtucket," which Mr. Cyril Maude produced last Tuesday night at the Playhouse. The little play, though antiquated, has humour and charm, and its "slap-dash" love scenes are very delightful. Moreover, Mr. Maude as the sentimental peer who is so apologetically ardent, and dainty Miss Alexandra Carlisle as the keen-witted heroine who is aware throughout her vagaries of the identity of her English lover, both act with the prettiest sense of comedy.

(Continued overleaf.)



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The Gold Cup race resulted in a dead-heat between White Knight, the property of Colonel Kirkwood, and Eider, which was disqualified. (PHOTO. DIXON.)

thoroughly conventional farce, "Mrs. Ponderbury's Past," is all the more welcome because it presents Mr. Hawtrey, of all persons, in the guise of the meek husband of an overbearing wife, and culminates, logically enough, in the spectacle of this crushed worm finally turning, and, thanks to advance revelation about an episode in which the truculent lady has hitherto claimed to have cut a heroic and highly virtuous figure, being able to assume the upper hand. Mr. Hawtrey has not forgotten his old "slick"ness, or his capacity for acting burlesque scenes with the most consummate naturalness. Despite his soft-speaking voice and his almost painstaking avoidance of over-emphasis, he can yet get laughable effects after which other comedians strain and toil. He has only to be what apparently he himself might be—lethargic, effortless and bland—to win the constant



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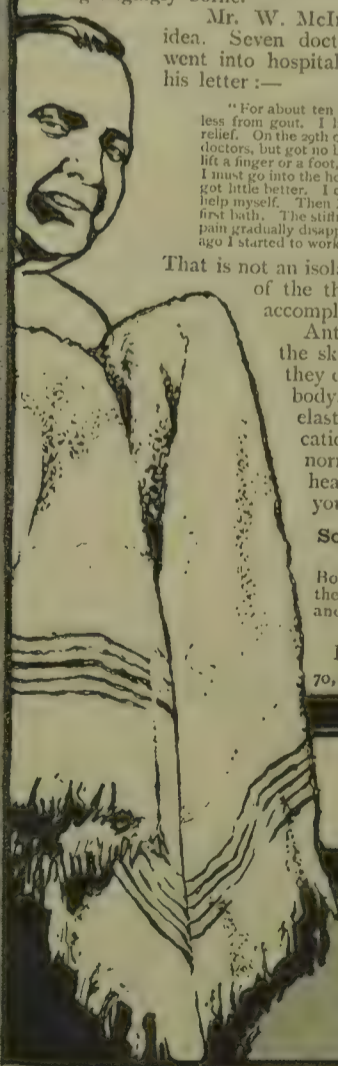
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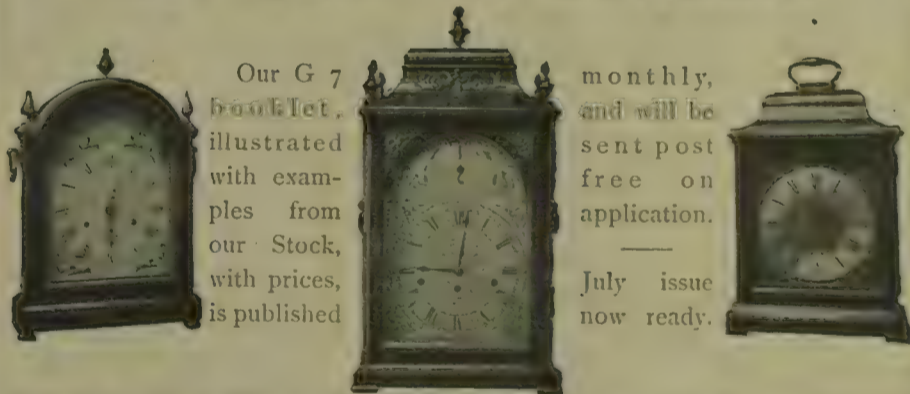
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So it is that in his new play, "The Midnight Wedding," as in its predecessor at the Lyceum, we rub shoulders with royalty, and meet a Princess who is willing to marry below her station. This young lady was certainly left in hard case by her father's will, which gave her the alternatives of marrying a man she loathed or taking the veil. What more natural solution of the difficulty—in melodrama—than her wedding secretly, at midnight, the first chance-come! Hence, love at first sight, and duels, and a farrago of wild adventures and laughable situations, made consistently interesting by the Lyceum Company, all the members of which, Mr. Norman Partridge, Miss Norah Kerin, and Mr. Frederic Ross, Messrs. Oxley, Barford, and

"THE MIDNIGHT WEDDING," AT THE LYCEUM.

Mr. Walter Howard has seen the advantage of changing the venue of melodrama from commonplace matter-of-fact England to some such imaginary country of romance and turbulence as Ruritania.

Jones, and Miss Valli-Valli, act with conscientious earnestness.

"THE DUMB CAKE," AT THE HICKS THEATRE.

The Wendy of Miss Hilda Trevelyan, that perfect picture of a girl-child's sense of motherhood, remains with playgoers as one of their most gracious memories of Mr. Barrie's fantasy "Peter Pan." But this actress has other claims even than those of her Wendy on the theatrical public's gratitude, and these may be summed up briefly by an allusion to "'Op o' My Thumb." No comédienne on our stage can more poignantly express than does Miss Trevelyan the inarticulate aspirations of the domestic serf. Messrs. Arthur Morrison's and

Richard Pryce's new one-act piece, "The Dumb Cake," produced last week in front of "Brewster's Millions" at the Hicks Theatre, belongs to the same category as "'Op o' My Thumb," and gives Miss Trevelyan one more chance of illustrating as only she can the raptures,



THE LADY MAYORESS OPENS A BAZAAR AT SYDENHAM: MR. AND MRS. ALEXANDER CLARK'S PARTY.

A three days' open-air fête and bazaar was held in the grounds of Westwood, West Hill, Sydenham, the residence of Mr. Alexander Clark. The object of the bazaar was to raise £600 for the Church in the Grove, and of this £575 is realised. The bazaar was to have been opened by the Lord Mayor, who was, unfortunately, unable to be present. His place was ably taken by the Lady Mayoress. The names reading from left to right are: (back row) G. W. Dodds, the Rev. St. Barbe Sydenham Sladen, Mr. Alexander Clark, Mr. Howard Deighton, Mrs. Sladen, Miss Crouch, Miss Webster, Mrs. R. Naish, Mr. R. Naish, Mrs. Webster, Mr. Webster, Mr. Luther Clarke; (front row) the Rev. G. E. Darlaston, Miss Dunn, Miss Treloar, Mr. W. Mann-Cross, Mrs. A. Clark, the Lady Mayoress, Sheriff Dunn, Major Coates, Mrs. G. W. Dodds, Mrs. Darlaston.



Photo. Argent Archer.

THE QUAINTEST CHALLENGE CUP IN EXISTENCE: A TROPHY SHOWING THE HISTORY OF BALLOONING.

The Hedges Butler Challenge Cup, presented by Mr. Frank Hedges Butler, is awarded for the first longest distance balloon and aeroplane race in England, from Ranelagh Club to within five miles of the sea. The Cup is to be competed for under the auspices of the Aero Club on June 29, at 4 p.m.

and, of course, the subsequent disillusion, of such an unhappy drudge over the brief spell of romance which, as a rule, is all that breaks the dull monotony of this sort of girl's life. Fortunately, the heroine of Mr. Morrison and his collaborator's play is saved from the more ugly disappointments that often fall to her class: she entertains unawares on All Hallows' Eve as a supposed lover a visitor who turns out to be a thief; but the intruder has decent instincts, and treats her illusion tenderly. The pathos of the girl's situation is expressed by Miss Trevelyan with exquisite sincerity.

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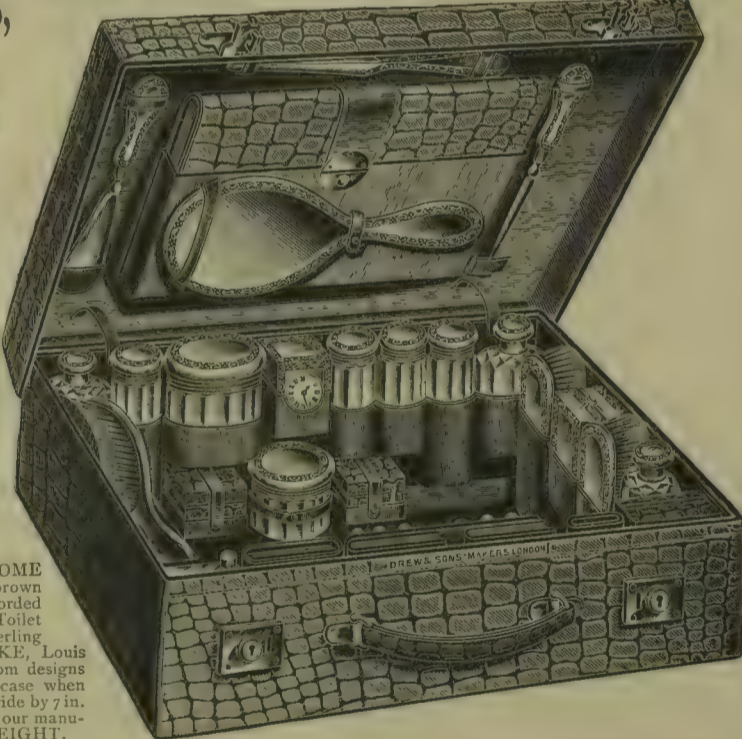


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There is, of course, no telling how soon it may be impossible to procure further copies; but to miss such an opportunity to-day for the sake of a postcard would be indeed unwise.

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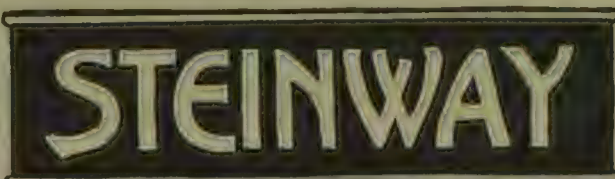
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Dear Sir,—My baby at a fortnight old was seized with Hooping Cough. Nobody, even the doctor, expected her to get over it. It was painful to witness her struggles with the cough. After using Roche's Embrocation, according to directions, I am thankful to say that at the end of three weeks the cough was almost gone.

I am sending this on the chance of its being of use to some poor mother, who might be helped as I was. Many would hesitate to use it on so young a child.

Yours faithfully, KATE EARLY

34, Dartford Road, Dartford, September 13, 1902.
Dear Sir,—My little boy, age four years, has had a severe attack of Whooping Cough, bleeding from the nose and mouth.

I obtained a bottle of your Roche's Embrocation; the effect was really wonderful, the cough changed and his breathing was much easier from the first night. It is now three weeks since I first used it, and a friend told me yesterday it's difficult to believe he has had it.

I have very great pleasure in telling you this, and hope others having children suffering from this horrible complaint will do as I did. Try it.

Yours sincerely, MARY LITTLE.

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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

THE clergy and laity of the Archdeaconry of Cleveland have presented a testimonial to the Ven. W. H. Hutchings, Chancellor and Canon of York Minster, on the occasion of his resigning the Archdeaconry. They have also given him a cheque to cover the expenses of taking the degree of Doctor of Divinity at Oxford.

The funeral of Bishop Webb, Dean of Salisbury, was attended by the Mayor and Corporation, and many leading citizens. A muffled peal was rung upon the bells of St. Thomas's Church, and on every side there were signs of mourning. The Dean was greatly beloved by all classes in Salisbury. The memorial sermon was preached by the Bishop on Sunday.

The Bishop of Stepney made an interesting speech at the dedication of the motor-boat *Herald* for the work of the Mission to Seamen on the Thames. He remarked that the messengers of the Lord must keep pace with life; therefore the Church laid petrol and electricity under contribution, so as not to fail in her work.

The Archbishop of York has completed his eighty-first year, having been born at Edinburgh on June 18, 1826. His father, Dr. David MacLagan, was physician to the forces in the Peninsular War, and he was himself in the Indian Army from 1847 till 1852. The Archbishop is now entering on his thirtieth year in episcopal orders. With the single exception of the Archbishop of Armagh, he is the senior in both age and consecration to all the diocesan Bishops in the United Kingdom.

At the recent annual meeting of the Anglican and Foreign Church Society, attention was drawn to the large immigration of Russian and other Jews into Palestine. The Bishop of Salisbury suggested that the Copts of Egypt might some day become a very great power in the conversion of the Moslems. The chief

America. It has been consigned by the Foreign Office on behalf of his Majesty to Mr. Bryce, who will forward it to Bruton Church.

One of the most important Church events of the week was the presentation (on June 26) to Father Stanton, of St. Alban's, Holborn, of an address signed by nearly four thousand men. Among the signatories, I hear, were the Revs. C. Silvester Horne and Thomas Phillips.

The Palestine Exhibition has been visited by nearly a hundred thousand people since the opening by the Bishop of London. Lectures on various Bible subjects continue to be given daily. It is believed that a substantial sum will be realised for the promotion of evangelistic work among the Jews.

The announcement is made in the *Journal Officiel* that the President of the French Republic has conferred the Legion of Honour upon Mr. Davison Dalziel, who has for many years interested himself in a better understanding between France and England.

The current number of the *Motorist* contains articles on the care of a car and the motor as a rival to the railway, together with a great deal of material interesting to automobilists. The paper is published by Argyll Motors, Limited, and the firm will be glad to send it to all owners of Argyll cars.

We have received the Central Steam Navigation Company's Guidebook, which gives in a most compact form particulars of tours in the Pyrenees, Auvergne, the Mediterranean, Germany, Scandinavia, and the Scottish Highlands. The book contains thirty-four itineraries, railway and hotel information, and regulations for the transport of cycles and motor-cars.



Photo. Symonds.

ANOTHER TORPEDO BOAT IN TROUBLE: "No. 99." SUNK OFF BERRY HEAD.

On June 19, while torpedo-boat "No. 99" was out for her quarterly trial in the Channel, her shaft broke. A rent was torn in her side, and in two minutes she sank in twenty-two fathoms of water. The crew was rescued by the "Dryad," which conveyed the men to Plymouth.

misfortune of the Coptic Church, in his opinion, was the celibacy of the clergy.

The great Bible for Bruton Church, in Virginia, which was recently submitted to the King's inspection by the Archbishop of Canterbury, has been dispatched to

gives in a most compact form particulars of tours in the Pyrenees, Auvergne, the Mediterranean, Germany, Scandinavia, and the Scottish Highlands. The book contains thirty-four itineraries, railway and hotel information, and regulations for the transport of cycles and motor-cars.

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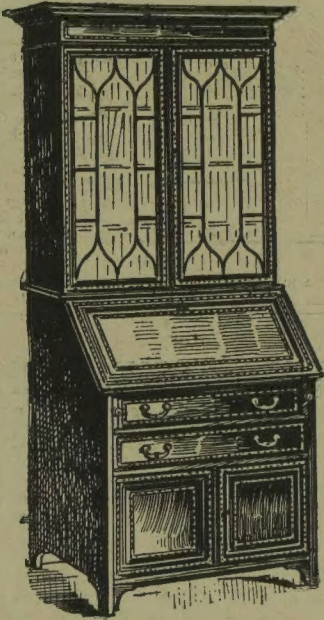
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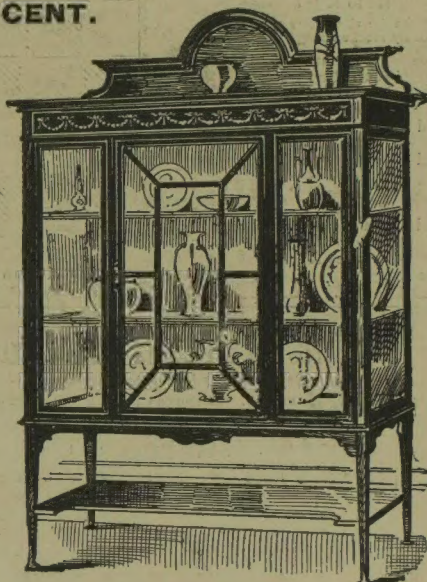
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CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 3285 and 3286 received from Laurent Changuion (St. Helena Bay, Cape Colony); of No. 3287 from C A M (Penang) and Laurent Changuion; of No. 3288 from E G Muntz (Toronto) and Girindra Chandra Mukherji (Muktagacha, Bengal); of No. 3289 from E G Muntz (Toronto); of No. 3290 from Henry A Seller (Denver); Gertrude M Field (Athol, Mass.) and E G Muntz (Toronto); of No. 3291 from Mrs. Kelly (Lynpstone), Robert H Couper (Malbone, U.S.A.) and C Field junior (Athol, Mass.); of No. 3293 from Eugene Henry (Lewisham), C R Jones, J D Tucker (Ilkley), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), Ernst Maurer (Schöneberg), Thomas Charlton (Clapham Park), T Roberts, Stettin, R C Wildecumbe (Saltash), Henry Shaw (Urmston) and H S Brandreth (Weybridge).

CHESS IN BELGIUM.

Game played in the International Masters' Tournament at Ostend, between Messrs. REICHMANN and BERNSTEIN.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	22. Q to B 2nd	B to B 3rd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	23. P to B 4th	P to K 5th
3. B to Kt 5th	Kt to B 3rd	24. P to R 3rd	P to Kt 6th
4. Castles	B to K 2nd	25. Q to Kt sq	P to Q R 4th
5. R to K sq	P to Q 3rd	26. B to Q 2nd	Q to K 2nd
6. P to B 3rd	Castles	27. B to Q 3rd	P to R 5th
7. P to Q 4th	B to Q 2nd	28. B to B 3rd	Kt to R 4th
8. B to K 4th	R to K sq	29. Kt to Q 2nd	Kt to B 5th
9. Q Kt to Q 2nd	B to K B sq	30. P to B 3rd	Q R to Q sq
10. B to B 2nd	P to K R 3rd	31. B to B sq	R to Q 3rd
11. P to K R 3rd	Kt to R 2nd	32. R to K 3rd	Q to Q 2nd
12. Kt to B sq		33. Q to K sq	R to Q sq
		34. R to Q sq	Kt to K 3rd

White has followed the true Steinitzian method, but there is a secret in it which is not given to every disciple to master.

12. Kt to K 3rd
13. Kt to Q 5th
14. B to Kt 3rd
15. B takes Kt
16. B takes Kt
17. B to K 3rd
18. P takes P
19. B to Q 4th

The handling of this Bishop leaves much to be desired. This is its seventh move, and it now only loses time in a fruitless demonstration.

19. Q to K 2nd
20. P to Q Kt 4th
21. B to B sq

Smartly forcing White the alternative of a broken centre or a badly blocked wing.

35. Q to B 2nd
36. B to R 5th
37. B to B 3rd
38. Q R to K sq
39. K R to K 2nd
40. R to K 3rd
41. K R to K 2nd
42. B takes Kt
43. Kt to Kt sq
44. R to K 3rd
45. Kt to K 2nd
46. Kt to B 3rd
47. R to Q sq

White resigns.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3294 received from W A Thompson (Dawlish), Albert Wolff (Putney), M A Hunter (Balham), Joseph Willcock (Shrewsbury), Shadforth, H R Stephenson (Chelmsford), C R Jones, Nellie Morris (Winchelsea), Thomas Charlton (Clapham Park), E J Winter-Wood, Eugene Henry (Lewisham), F Henderson (Leeds), J A S Hanbury (Birmingham), R Worters (Canterbury), A Groves (Southend), Stettin, F E Thomas (Oxford), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), R Browne (Brighton), Robert Bee (Garthorpe), J D Tucker (Ilkley), R J (Sheffield), and G Bakker (Rotterdam).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3293.—By H. J. M.

WHITE.

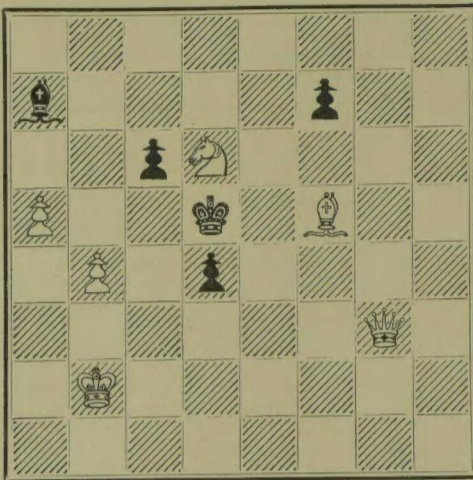
1. R takes P
2. B to R 3rd
3. Q mates

BLACK.

B takes R
Any

PROBLEM No. 3296.—By E. J. WINTER-WOOD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN BELGIUM.

Another game from the Tournament, played between Messrs. SAIWE and MARCO.

(Queen's Pawn Game.)

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	23. B takes Kt	B to Q 4th
2. P to Q B 4th	P to K 3rd	24. Kt to K 5th	R to R sq
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	25. R to B 3rd	K to Kt sq
4. B to Kt 5th	B to K 2nd	26. R to K Kt 3rd	Q to B 3rd
5. P to K 3rd	Q Kt to Q 2nd	27. P to B 3rd	B takes R P
6. Kt to B 3rd	P to Q Kt 3rd	28. Kt to Q 7th	Q to Q 3rd
7. P takes P		29. P to Q 5th	

The authorities favour this move, but it seems to us, it yields Black more freedom than R to B sq, which was that adopted by Pillsbury against Schlechter at Hastings.

7. B takes B
8. B to Q 3rd
9. Castles
10. R to B sq
11. Kt to B 4th
12. Kt to K 4th
13. B to Kt sq
14. Q to K 2nd
15. K R to Q sq

A valuable reply, since White cannot profitably exchange—although, as events turn out, it would probably be better—nor can he permit Kt takes Kt (ch). The next few moves are not wanting in excitement.

16. Kt to K 5th
17. Q to R 5th
18. Kt takes Kt
19. Q to Kt 4th

Both players show great ingenuity and resourcefulness; but in a most interesting bout Black is always a little to the good, and finally emerges the equivalent of a piece ahead.

20. B takes P
21. B takes R
22. B takes P (ch)

A pretty trap, which Black carefully avoids. If now, B takes P, 30. R takes B, Q takes R; 31. Kt to B 6th (ch), P takes Kt; 32. B to K 6th (ch), K moves; 33. B takes Q, and should at least draw.

29. R to K sq
30. B to B 5th
31. R to Kt 6th
32. B to K 6th (ch)
33. R to Kt 3rd

Bringing matters to a climax. It will be seen the Knight has no possible escape.

34. P takes R
35. K to R sq
36. Kt to Kt 8th
37. R to K B sq
38. R (B sq) to K Kt sq

If Kt takes, R P, B to B 5th wins. The game is a very pretty one.

38. Q takes Kt
39. R takes P (ch)
40. R (Kt 7) to Kt 3
41. K to Kt 2nd
42. K to R sq
43. R to K sq
44. K to Kt 2nd
45. P to R 4th

White resigns.

The Ostend Championship Tournament ended as follows: Tarrasch, 12½; Schlechter, 12; Janowsky and Marshall, 11; but the experiment can hardly be regarded with satisfaction, the four rounds proving a heavier tax on the players than was anticipated. Tarrasch almost certainly owes first place to the generosity of Schlechter, who acceded to a request for a draw in a position where not many would have had the assurance to ask for it, and nobody but himself would have granted it. Janowsky's singular successes over Hurn enabled him to tie with Marshall, and the latter's brilliant rally is a tribute to his stamina as much as to his chess. The final placings, however, were in accordance with expectations, and do not advance one step the problem of putting up a competitor against Lasker for the world's championship.

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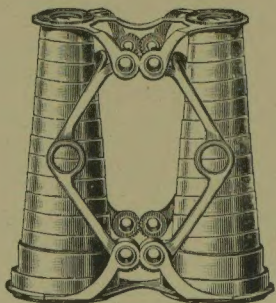
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IZAL provides a complete and efficient armour against all Evil Germs. Drains, w.c.s, and sewer pipes need attention, and generally get it—but they are not all. Enemies don't always come in the way one expects!



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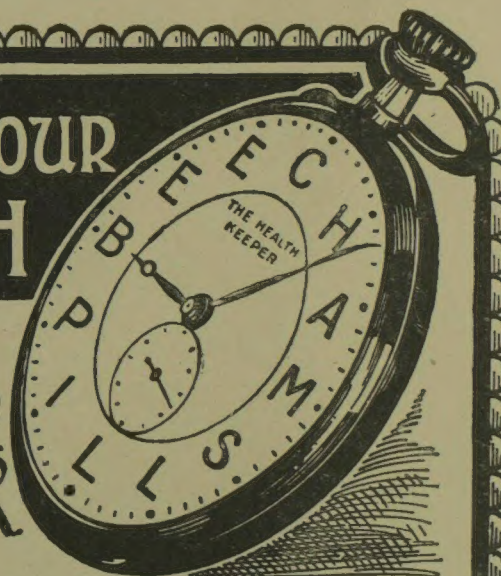
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can be relied upon to regulate the Stomach, Liver and Kidneys, thereby restoring the harmony of organic function to the whole system. They clear away all impurities, build up nerve force, assist assimilation of food, promote digestion, and stimulate the secretive organs to healthy action. Beecham's Pills have, during the last half century, earned and maintained their reputation as the world's family health bringers and

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INVALUABLE IN EVERY HOUSE
WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD
SOLD EVERYWHERE
2/6, 3/6, 5/- AND 6/- EACH.

FOR UPWARDS OF 50 YEARS THE
PREMIER NURSERY LAMP
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CLARKE'S PYRAMID & FAIRY LIGHT CO., LTD.,
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"CRICKLITE" LAMPS, with CLARKE'S double
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Pattern Books sent free on Application.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

THE will (dated Oct. 17, 1902), with a codicil, of SIR BENJAMIN BAKER, K.C.M.G., of 2, Queen's Square Place, S.W., and Bowden Green, Pangbourne, who died on May 19, was proved on June 17 by Mrs. Fanny Maria Kemp, the sister, Mrs. Kathleen Mona Spagnoletti, the niece, and James Ernest Spagnoletti, the value of the estate being £170,513. The testator gives £10,000 to the children of Mrs. Spagnoletti; £2000 to the Institute of Civil Engineers; £2000 to the Westminster Hospital; £1000 to King Edward's Hospital Fund; £500 to the Royal Berkshire Hospital; £500 in trust for the poor of Pangbourne; £1000 to Fanny Harding, and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to his sister, niece, and Mr. Spagnoletti in equal shares.

The will (dated March 22, 1907) of MR. AARON DAVID SASSOON, of 35, First Avenue, Hove, who died on May 5, was proved on June 17 by Sir Edward Sassoon, Bart., Arthur David Sassoon, and Frederick David Sassoon, the value of the estate being £88,361. The testator directs the following annuities to be paid—namely, £500 to his nephew David Reuben Sassoon; £300 to his niece Rachel Ezekiel; £200 to his nephew Edward Eliot; £150 each to his niece Louise Reuben Sassoon, and his sisters Mozelle Hyeem and Catherine Ezekiel; and £100 each to Ernest Ezekiel and Mary Ellen Duggan; and he gives legacies of £100 each to his servants, Mary Ellen Duggan and Emma Cutler. Subject thereto, all his property is to be held in trust for ever for poor and deserving persons residing or sojourning in any country in which the firm of David Sassoon and Co. shall be carrying on business.

The will (dated Jan. 22, 1896) of LORD DELAVAL JAMES BERESFORD, of Ojitos, Chihuahua, Mexico, and late of 14, Wilton Crescent, who died on Dec. 13, was proved on Dec. 14 by Lord Charles Beresford, the value of the property being £28,266. Subject to a legacy of £2000 to Florida Woolf, he leaves everything he shall

die possessed of to his brothers—Lord Charles, Lord William, and Lord Marcus Beresford.

The will (dated Sept. 5, 1905) of SIR WILLIAM WILBRAHAM BLETHYN HULTON, BART., of Hulton Park, Lancashire, who died on April 3, has been proved by his son, Arthur Hyde Hulton, and Hubert Edward Braddyll, the value of the unsettled property being £80,600. The testator settles his real estate on his eldest son, William Rothwell, and gives to him all furniture, plate, pictures, and wines; to his wife Dame Margaret Lucy Hulton £1200; to each executor £100; and small legacies to servants. All other his property he leaves to his son William, his younger children being provided for by settlement.

The will (dated June 12, 1906) of ADMIRAL SIR LEOPOLD GEORGE HEATH, K.C.B., of Anstie Grange, Holmwood, who died on May 7, has been proved by Colonel Frederick Crofton Heath and Cuthbert Eden Heath, the sons, and Mrs. Marion Emma Crofton, the daughter, the value of the property being £43,664. He gave £150 each to his executors; £50 each to his grandchildren; the sword made from a bolt taken from the *Royal George* that sunk at Spithead in 1783 to his son Herbert, and the residue to his children, except his sons Arthur and Cuthbert.

The will (dated May 15, 1902) of MR. RICHARD NICHOLSON, of Whinfield, Hesketh Park, Southport, who died on April 23, has been proved by William Henry Nicholson, Thomas Dickinson Nicholson, and Charles Nicholson, the sons, the surviving executors, the value of the estate being £84,998. The testator gives £500 and an annuity of £1500 to his wife; £3000 each to his five children; £1500 to his niece Jane Worthington; £1000 to the children of his niece Mrs. Boardman; and £100 each to twelve grandchildren. All other his property he leaves to his wife for life, and then for his children.

The will (dated April 13, 1907) of WILLIAM, VISCOUNT MIDLETON AND BARON BRODRICK, of

Peperharow, Godalming, who died on April 18, was proved on June 10 by his sons, the Right Hon. St. John Brodrick, now Viscount Middleton, and the Hon. Laurence Alan Brodrick, the value of the estate being sworn at £79,508. The testator states he has given to or settled on his children various sums of money, and in addition thereto he gives £7000 to his son the Hon. Arthur G. Brodrick; £2000 to his son the Hon. Laurence Alan Brodrick; £2500 each to his daughters, the Hon. Helen Ann Campbell, the Hon. Edith Mary Gell, and the Hon. Marian Cecilia Whitehead; and £4000, in trust, for his daughter the Hon. Albinia Lucy Brodrick. Subject to legacies to servants, he leaves the residue of his property to his eldest son.

The following are other important wills now proved—

Sir Daniel Dixon, Bart., M.P., Ballymenock, Hollywood, and of Belfast	£307,151
Mr. Francis Faulkner Brown, 18, Curzon Park, and Eastgate Row, Chester	£103,504
Miss Frances Wainhouse, of Rugby	£80,748
Mr. Frank Harry Woodroffe, 4, Down Street, Piccadilly, and Greenhurst, Oxted	£56,123
Mrs. Helen Grundy, Summerseat House, near Bury	£54,188
Mr. George James Robinson, Roughwood, Chalfont St. Giles	£53,509
Mrs. Mary Wilson, The Pulteney Hotel, Bath	£44,653
Major William Murray, Ossemsley Manor, Hants	£31,659
Lady Fanny G. D. FitzWygram, 77, Eaton Place	£16,798
Sir Joseph Fayrer, Bart., M.D., Belfield, Falmouth	£16,732
Canon Malcolm MacColl, 4, Beaufort Gardens, S.W.	£15,775
Frederica Mary, Dowager Countess of Scarborough, Lumley Castle, Chester-le-Street, Durham	£14,929



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Two Requisites FOR THE Perfect Bath

Pears' Soap

AND PURE WATER

"Her gentle limbs did she undress,
And lay down in her loveliness."—Coleridge.

THE HEALTH RESULT

With Pears' Soap and pure water the skin is put into a condition of natural healthfulness. The soothing emollient properties of the soap cleanse the skin from all impurities, and give a resisting power to the skin surface that constitutes a direct deterrent of disease.

THE BEAUTY RESULT

No cosmetic in the world can do as much towards beautifying the skin as Pears' Soap and pure water. Their combined effect on the complexion is to establish a permanent peach-like bloom and a natural freshness that are supremely fascinating.

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Piccadilly Circus, London.

Feb. 25, 1907.

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